
T H E

CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *February*, 1778.

The History and Antiquities of the Counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. By Joseph Nicolson, Esq. and Richard Burn, LL. D. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Cadell.

OF the dignity and the value of history, and the use of searching into antiquities, we are perfectly sensible—as well as of the labour and the attention requisite for the latter, and the genius without which the former cannot be executed. We see with concern the few candidates whom this country has produced for the historical crown of fame.—It cannot therefore be our inclination to depreciate a *new* work of history and antiquity, which must have cost much pains and labour, and which comes recommended to the world by a name to which it has such obligations for legal instruction and entertainment. Dr. Burn already possesses no common share of reputation—it only remains to be determined whether he deserve the fame of an historian in addition to that of a lawyer.

But, perhaps, the work before us will be found to bear too pompous a title—at least we acknowledge that, were it not our duty carefully to review this publication, not our love of history, nor our affection for the good counties of Westmorland and Cumberland, nor even our respect for the name of Burn, would have induced us to venture upon a work containing as many pages and as much *matter* as histories of countries which are more conspicuous in the map of the world than Westmorland and Cumberland in the map of this island. How extensive this work might have been, if its authors, or rather its compilers, had not, thank heaven! judged it more eligible that it should come abroad in its present state, however im-

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perfect, than to wait for further information, whilst the present materials are perishing,' we shudder but to think. The counties might hardly perhaps have been sufficiently extensive to contain their own history, nor the life of their oldest inhabitant have been long enough to read it. Lawyers are ridiculed for their parchments, which sometimes more than cover the lands they describe—Dr. Burn is a lawyer, if not an historian.—

Yet there are those who will have their obligations to the historian; who will be pleased to see the places of their residence or nativity, perhaps their families, make a figure in two quarto volumes; and who will tell us that their own little parish is more to them than all the rest of the world. This may be true—we only observe that the present work is not sufficiently general to demand a translation into the languages of many European countries, whose natives never heard either of Westmorland or of Cumberland.

With the name of the learned doctor's fellow-labourer in this work, Joseph Nicolson, Esq. we are not acquainted; but we can allow to neither the fame of elegant writing.

The subsequent passage we transcribe, from the general account of Westmorland in the first volume, as a specimen of the vulgar, incorrect, and antiquated language which displeases in almost every page of this performance.

'The said mountains also abound with rivulets, which water the vallies beneath: *insomuch* that in almost every little village there is water sufficient to carry a mill; which renders the precarious help of windmills superfluous: though, if need should be, there are few countries better situate for such like conveniences.'

This the more surprised us, because we learn, from the same general account of Westmorland, that 'its inhabitants are a civilized people; *insomuch* that it is a rare thing in this county to find any person who cannot both read and write tolerably well:' But perhaps *tolerably well* is their greatest praise—as we are told, when our historians come to the parish of Ravenstonedale, p. 527. vol. I. that 'bishop Nicolson, at his parochial visitation in 1763, was informed by the churchwardens they had not had a beggar in the parish within the memory of man; and, at the same time, that they had never a gentleman among them, except only the curate and schoolmaster.'—A mean, more desirable in property, than in style.

In the course of the quotations which we intend to make from different parts of the work, we shall have further occasion, we fear, to take notice of the language.—We will, first give our readers an idea of the plan on which the History and

and Antiquities of the Counties of Cumberland and Westmorland is executed.

The first volume begins with a preface, informing us of the sources from which Mr. Nicolson and Dr. Burn drew their information. The merit of arranging the collections of others, the labour of transcribing the observations of former inquirers, appears to be their chief, if not their only, praise. We find no apology of any kind but what our readers have already seen, for the imperfection of the work; which evidently alludes to its *shortness*. If the gentlemen thought it adviseable to retain the language of memoirs hastily committed to paper a century or two ago, they should at least have told us their intention; and we would readily have spared them the trouble of carefully imitating their great-grandmothers in the diction and phraseology of their own remarks.

Before the History of Westmorland, which fills the first volume, as that of Cumberland takes up the second, we find a very laborious and satisfactory 'discourse of the ancient and modern state of the borders;' throughout the whole of which the indefatigable researches of Dr. Burn lay his country under fresh obligations. This very curious discourse is divided into ten chapters:

- Chap. I. Of the commencement of Border service; with the authority and power of the lord warden of the Marches.
- Chap. II. Of the Border laws.
- Chap. III. Of the manner of keeping warden courts.
- Chap. IV. Of the state of the Borders from the reign of king Edward the first to the reign of king Richard the second inclusive.
- Chap. V. Of the state of the Borders from the reign of king Richard the second to the reign of king Henry the eighth.
- Chap. VI. Of the state of the Borders during the reign of king Henry the eighth.
- Chap. VII. Of the state of the Borders during the reign of king Edward the sixth.
- Chap. VIII. Of the state of the Borders during the reigns of queen Mary and queen Elizabeth.
- Chap. IX. Of the state of the Borders during the reign of king James the first.
- Chap. X. Of the state of the Borders from the reign of king James the first to the present time.'

Every man, at least every borderer, who reads this discourse, must reflect with gratitude on the inestimable blessing of the union of the two kingdoms under one government.—Perhaps it would make no contemptible publication separate from the work. It contains many singular papers, which have hitherto escaped the search of history. The following note, on

an account of that tract of land, which was claimed by both kingdoms, and thence called the debateable ground, we transcribe for the benefit of those of our readers who do not wish to be instructed by turning to the discourse itself.

‘ The story of king James’s favourite cow is well known, that not liking her accommodations in England, she found her way back to Edinburgh; which the king said he did not so much wonder at, as how she got through the Debateable Ground without being stolen.—Had the singularity of the event been remarked upon, that she was the only one of the king’s train that had any thought of returning; it would have been not unlike him to have answered, with the same kind of humour, that “ she was a brute, and knew no better.”

Before the particular history of each county there is a chapter of each county ‘ in general.’ These chapters, like those which follow them, contain many things worthy notice, and not a few which might have been omitted. The inquiry into the derivation of the word Westmorland may be in the style of an antiquarian, but does not throw much light upon the subject.

‘ Westmorland, *Westmoreland*, or, as it is anciently written, *Westmerland*, hath its name, according to common acceptation, from its being a *western moorish* country. The learned archbishop Usher, in his *Antiquities of the British Churches*, page 303, quotes several authors as deriving it from Marius a king of the Britons, who in the first or second century defeated Rodoric or Rothinger a Pictish general from Scythia, upon the mountain now called Stanemore; in memory whereof (he says) Reicrois or Rericrosse (a red, or royal cross) was erected: and from him that part of the kingdom was called *Westmerland*. But Mr. Camden treats this notion as chimerical, and says, it is only a fancy that some people have taken in their sleep, and is positive that the county hath received its name from the barren, mountainous, uncultivated, *moorish* land (as he is pleased to represent it). Nevertheless, there is not one ancient record that we have met with, wherein it is not expressly called *Westmerland*, and not *Westmorland*, or *Westmoreland*; which doth not altogether favour Mr. Camden’s supposition: the Latin termination in *Westmaria*, sometimes *Westmeria*, which hath still less resemblance of the *moor*. If the county had bordered upon the *western sea*, it might have been conjectured that it had received its name from thence; but as Cumberland lies between this county and the sea on the west, it can scarcely admit of that derivation. Therefore we must be content to leave it in the same uncertainty as we found it.’

Of the same obscure nature is what these gentlemen say of Dunmal Raife.

‘ Dun-

‘ Dunmal Raise aforesaid is a large mountain, a great part whereof is in this parish, over which the highway leadeth from Kewick by Ambleside unto Kendal. It is so called from a great heap or *raise* of stones, by the highway side, which divides Cumberland from this county, thrown together in ancient time, either by Dunmaile sometime king of Cumberland, as a mark of the utmost border of his kingdom, or by some other in remembrance of his name, for some memorable act done by him there, or some victory obtained over him.’

That ‘ the air in this county is *somewhat* sharp and severe, especially in winter,’ p. 2, is not surely a fact remarkable enough to merit notice: nor will it much astonish naturalists that, ‘ when the ling is in flower, it attracts the *industrious* bee; so that the heath, at that season, seems to be covered, as it were, with one large swarm,’ p. 3.

The account of the helm-wind is indeed more singular.

‘ In these mountains, towards the north-east part of the county, is a very remarkable phenomenon, such as we have not found any account of elsewhere in the kingdom, except only about Ingleton and other places bordering upon the mountains of Ingleborrow, Pendle, and Penigent, in the confines of the counties of York and Lancaster. It is called a helm-wind. A rolling cloud, sometimes for three or four days together, hovers over the mountain tops, the sky being clear in other parts. When this cloud appears, the country people say the *helm* is up; which is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying properly a covering for the head, from whence comes the diminutive *helmet*. This helm is not dispersed or blown away by the wind, but continues in its station, although a violent roaring hurricane comes tumbling down the mountain, ready to tear up all before it. Then on a sudden ensues a profound calm. And then again alternately the tempest: which seldom extends into the country above a mile or two from the bottom of the mountain.

‘ In the modern part of the Universal History, vol. xv. p. 519, we find an account of exactly the like appearance of some of the hills near the Cape of Good Hope, thus described by those elegant authors: “ In the dry season, a white cloud hovers over the top of the mountains; from which cloud issue the south-west winds with incredible fury, shattering houses, endangering shipping, and greatly damaging the fruits of the earth. Upon discovery of which cloud, the sailors immediately prepare for a storm.”

Another extract will show how long national enmities exist, and how difficult they are to be extinguished.

‘ Even the diversions of the children had a reference to this border enmity. The boys to this day have a play which they call Scotch and English; which is an exact picture in miniature of the *raid*, that is, of the *inroad* by plundering parties. The

boys divide themselves into two companies, under two captains who chuse their men alternately. Then they strip off their coats, the one party calling themselves Scots, the other English. They lay their cloaths respectively all on an heap, and set a stone as it were a bounder mark between the two kingdoms, exactly in the middle between their heaps of cloaths. Then they begin to make incursions into each other's territories; the English beginning with this reviling expression, "Here's a leap in thy laud, dry-bellied Scot." And so they plunder and steal away one from another all that they can lay their hands on. But if they can take hold of any invader within their own jurisdiction, either before or after he catcheth his booty, which they call a *wed*, (the same being a Saxon word, *waed*, *weda*, *weed*, not yet quite out of use, signifying *cloathing*) unless he escape clear into his own province, they take him prisoner, and carry him to the *wed* or heap of cloaths, from whence he is not to remove till some of his own party break in, and by swiftness of foot lay hold of the prisoner, before he himself be touched by any of the adverse party; which if the adversary do, he hath rescued his man, and may carry him off without molestation. And thus sometimes one party will so far prevail over the other, what with plundering, and what with taking prisoners, that the other shall have nothing at all left. It is a very active and violent recreation.'

What is said in this chapter on the subject of the land-tax, deserves the attention of more than common readers.

'It is a vulgar mistake, that this county paid no subsidies during the existence of the border service, as supposing it to be exempted from such payment merely upon that account. For we find all along such and such persons collectors of the subsidies in this county, granted both by clergy and laity. The land-tax succeeded into the place of subsidies; being not so properly a new tax, as an old tax by a new name. From the reign of Edward the third downward, certain sums and proportions were fixed upon the several townships within the respective counties, according whereunto the taxation hath constantly been made. In process of time this valuation may be supposed to have become unequal, especially since by the increase of trade and manufacture in some large towns much wealth is accumulated within a small compass, the tax upon such division continuing still the same. And hence a new valuation hath often been suggested to render this tax more adequate, which nevertheless from the nature of the thing must always be fluctuating according to the increase or diminution of property in different parts of the kingdom. But in reality this notion proceeds upon a very narrow and partial principle. An equal tax, according to what a man is worth, is one thing; and an equal land-tax, all the other taxes being unequal, is quite another. Setting aside the populous manufacturing towns, let us take the county of Westmorland

morland in general (in which there is no such manufacturing town, Kendal only excepted); and we shall find that this county, upon the whole, taking all the taxes together, pays more to the government, in proportion to the wealth of the inhabitants, than perhaps any other county in the kingdom. And that is by reason of its comparative populousness. Suppose a township (which is a common case in Westmorland) worth about 400*l.* a year. In this township there are about 40 messuages and tenements, and a family in each messuage. And at the proportion of five persons to a family, there are 200 inhabitants. These, by their labour and what they consume, are worth to the public double and treble the value of the land-tax in its highest estimation. These 40 messuages or dwelling houses, at 3*s.* each, pay yearly 6*l.* house duty; and so many of them perhaps have above seven windows, as will make up 6*l.* more. Now let us advance further South. An estate of 400*l.* a year is there frequently in one hand. There is one family of perhaps 15 or 20 persons; one house duty of 3*s.* some few shillings more for windows; and a tenth part of the consumption of things taxable, as salt, soap, leather, candles, and abundance of other articles. Now where is the equality? One man for 10*l.* or 5*l.* a year, pays as much house duty, as another person for 400*l.* a year. In Westmorland many persons (and the clergy almost in general) dwell in houses that pay more house and window duty than the house itself would let for. And in other respects, the public is as much benefited by three or four families occupying ten or twenty pounds a year each, as in the other case by one family occupying ten times as much.

‘ It hath been computed by political calculators, that every person, one with another, is worth to the public 4*l.* a year. On that supposition, the inhabitants in one case are estimated at 800*l.*, in the other case at 80*l.* So if we reduce the sum to half, or a quarter, or any other sum; it will always come out the same, that the one and the other are of value to the public, just in the proportion of ten to one.

‘ In short: populousness is the riches of a nation; not only from the consumption of things taxable, but for the supply of hands to arts, manufacture, war, and commerce. A man that purchaseth an estate, and lays it to his own, making one farm of what was two before, deprives the public of a proportionable share of every tax that depends upon the number of houses and inhabitants. A man that gets a whole village or two into his possession by this means, consisting of an hundred ancient feudal tenements, evades ninety-nine parts in an hundred of such taxes, and throws the burden upon others, who by reason of the smallness of their property are proportionably less able to bear it; for a man of an hundred pounds a year can better spare twenty pounds, than a man of ten pounds a year can spare forty shillings; for the one has eighty pounds left, and the other only eight.’

The subsequent little extract does credit either to the partiality of the good doctor, or to the chastity of his countrywomen.

‘ By custom within the barony of Kendal, the widow enjoys the whole customary estate during her widowhood ; or, as others say, during her *chaste* viduity. Whether such distinction ought to be admitted, custom hath not established. To the honour of the sex, there is no instance upon record, that we know of, wherein that matter hath been contested.’

The remainder of the first volume treats of the two baronies and the different parishes in Westmorland, regularly and minutely. We have first a criticism of the name of the particular parish, which sometimes leaves us where it found us ; and sometimes contains information—we then find an exact pedigree of all the families, which would tire the patience of Foote’s Cadwallader, though he claimed honourable kindred with them ; and an account of every thing which is, or which has been remarkable, and of some things which we cannot allow either to be, or to have been, so. We shall exhibit to our readers, before we quit these memoirs (for that would be a more proper name for this work than *history*), specimens of both kinds.

Another objection which we have to this work, is its being drawn up like a journal—‘ Descending from Appleby towards the west, at about a mile’s distance, we arrive at the village of Coleby.’ And again—‘ From Barwise advancing towards the south-east, we arrive at Hoff and Drybeck ; which finishes our perambulation of the parish of St. Laurence.’ And again,

‘ Having thus finished what we had to say concerning the town of Kendal and its environs ; we proceed to the other parts of this extensive parish, beginning with Helfington on the South, and so travelling eastward through the several townships and manors, and from thence going about by the north and west, until we arrive where we first set out.’

Does not the dignity of quarto call for different language ? However, proceed we to our *perambulation* of the work before us.

An exertion of despotism, the most flagrant perhaps which is to be found in English story, is a proclamation by king James against tenant rights, published the 28th of July, 1620.

The epitaph upon Mr. Ralph Tyrer, a vicar of Kendal, composed by himself, is whimsical. He died June 4, 1627.

‘ London

* London bred mee, Westminster fed mee,
Cambridge sped mee, my sister wed mee,
Study taught mee, living fought mee,
Learning brought mee, Kendal caught mee,
Labour pressed mee, sickness distressed mee,
Death oppressed mee, the grave possessed mee,
God first gave mee, Christ did save mee,
Earth did crave mee, and heaven would have mee.*

The subsequent extract is a curious specimen of the medical simplicity of ancient times.

* Sir Walter Strickland, knight.—In the 19 Hen. 7. he was constituted by George lord Lumley his seneschal (or steward) of Kendal for life.

* In the 10 Hen. 8. he had a charter of pardon for all trespasses and neglect of homage, with a renewal of the grant of all the manors and land which his father Walter was found seised of at his death, and were held of the king *in capite*.

* This sir Walter was much afflicted with an asthma, which gave occasion to the following indenture: "This indenture made 26 Apr. 18 Hen. 8. between Sir Walter Strickland, kn. of one part; and Alexander Kenet, doctor of physick, on the other part: Witnesseth, that the said Alexander permitteth, granteth, and by these presents bindeth him, that he will, with the grace and help of God, render and bring the said Sir Walter Strickland to perfect health of all his infirmities and diseases contained in his person, and especially stomach, and lungs, and breast, wherein he has most disease and grief: and over to minister such medicines truly to the said sir Walter Strickland, in such manner and ways as the said Mr. Alexander may make the said sir Walter heal of all infirmities and diseases in as short a time as possible may be, with the grace and help of God. And also the said Mr. Alexander granteth he shall not depart at no time from the said sir Walter without his licence, unto the time the said sir Walter be perfect heal, with the grace and help of God. For the which care, the said sir Walter Strickland granteth by these presents, binding himself to pay or cause to be paid to the said Mr. Alexander or his assigns 20l. sterling monies of good and lawful money of England, in manner and form following; that is, 5 marks to be paid upon the first day of May next ensuing, and all the residue of the said sum of 20l. to be paid parcel by parcel as shall please the said sir Walter, as he thinks necessary to be delivered and paid in the time of his disease, for sustaining such charges as the said Mr. Alexander must use in medicine, for reducing the said sir Walter to health; and so the said payment continued and made, to the time the whole sum of 20l. aforesaid be fully contented and paid. In witness whereof, either to these present indentures have interchangeably set their seals, the day and year abovementioned."—Sir Walter, nevertheless,

theless, died on the 9th of January following, as appears by inquisition.'

In the chapel of Grayrigg our *historians* tell us are these three lines,

" Zeal for the house of God here you do see,
Shining with brightest beams even to futurity,
May heav'n be th' reward of all such boundless charity."

To which they subjoin this note,

' Unto which triplet a wag of our acquaintance proposes a line to be added, to make it run upon all four, viz.

" And the d—— take the authors of all such poetry."

A pleasantry which would better become a jest-book than what is called a history.

Of Baskbrowne we are told, with all the gravity of historians, that—' eagles and ravens sometimes build in this chapelry : ' and of Windermere-water that—' water-fowl in great plenty resort to this lake ; '—Facts too singular to be omitted.

It is indeed somewhat more singular that in James the second's reign, a contested election at Cockermouth, cost Daniel Fleming, esq. of Rydal, only 20l.—The cockades of an election in these days amount to twenty times as much !

Notwithstanding the many whimsical and ridiculous passages in these volumes, they certainly have their merit, and contain matters which well deserve to be noticed.

In our next Review we shall again speak of this publication—our present account of it will conclude with William Gilpin's inscription on the third bell belonging to the chapel of Crosthwaite.

" A young man grave in godliness,
William Gilpin by name,
Gave fifty pounds, to make these sounds,
To God's eternal fame."

To which, in order to keep our readers in good humour, we shall just add an instance of poor Mr. Hilton's frailties, extracted from his daily journal.

On Sunday," says he in one place, " I vowed to abstain from three things during the course of the ensuing week [which was in Lent], viz. the use of women, eating flesh, and drinking wine. But, alas, the frailty of good resolutions ! I broke them all, laid with a girl at the Sandside, was tempted to eat the wing of a fowl, and got drunk at Milnthorp."

[*To be continued.*]

The Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Northern Governments; viz. the United Provinces, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland. By J. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 1l. 16s. boards. Becket. [Concluded, from p. 36.]

THE second volume of this work commences with a brief description of the empire of Russia, and an abstract of its history, after which the author proceeds to give an account of the government. According to his representation, there is, perhaps, no state in the world where the courts of justice are so corrupt, and their members so ignorant, as in the greatest part of the Russian dominions. We are informed, that in this country, a man who has learning enough to read the ukases or laws, and to write his name, thinks himself well qualified for occupying an important place in the juridical tribunals of the nation. In respect to the administration of justice, strangers enjoy greater advantages than the natives of the empire; for the latter are judged according to the Roman laws, and in a separate tribunal, chiefly composed of German lawyers. Since the accession of the present empress to the throne, she has meditated a reformation of the judicial system of the country; but it seems to be the opinion of Mr. Williams, that this laudable project can hardly be productive of the desired success.

In point of learning, the Russian clergy appear to be on a level with the lawyers. It is reckoned a qualification sufficient for the clerical office, that a person knows a little Latin, and is able to read and write, without being acquainted with the fundamental principles of religion. A clergyman here, according to the law, must marry a virgin. If his wife dies, he must no longer administer the sacraments; and if he marries again, he loses all his ecclesiastical preferment.

Our author represents the citizens and merchants of Russia as no less unintelligent in trade and commerce, than the two classes abovementioned in the principles of their respective professions. Fraud and disingenuous dealing, we are told, pass among those people for address and knowledge of the system of trade. Nor can they boast of more expertness in the arts and manufactures that have been lately established among them, in which they generally commence masters before they are half taught.

Mr. Williams observes, that though the Russian dominions are at present nearly as extensive as all the other European states, they do not contain much above eighteen millions of people, according to the following computation, made ten years ago.

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‘ In the year 1768 it was found that the number of males who paid the capitation tax were nearly as follows ; merchants 201,000 ; workmen of different kinds 17,000 ; farmers who contributed to the support of the militia 431,030 ; workmen of different kinds whose parents were unknown 2200 ; others who were not incorporated in the classes of the different trades 4500 ; farmers who occupied the crown lands 552,000 ; slaves who were employed in the mines of the crown 65,300 ; other slaves of the crown who worked in the mines and at the manufactures of particular persons 24,150 ; of the Mahometans and idolaters who have lately been converted to the Greek church 60,000 ; of the different kinds of Tartars 280,000 ; the slaves of several merchants and others who were privileged, and who, though they were not proprietors of lands, might have slaves, 9800 ; slaves who cultivated and occupied the lands that were appropriated for the support of the court 420,000 ; slaves who cultivated the lands which appertained to her majesty independently of the right of the crown 58,000 ; slaves who cultivated the lands confiscated to the crown 12,800 ; slaves of the nobility and gentry 3,640,000 ; slaves who cultivated the lands which formerly belonged to the clergy and to the religious houses 896,100 ; other slaves and workmen, not regularly classed, who were employed in menial drudgery upon the public works, and as well in the mines and at the manufactures of particular persons 41000.

‘ Hence it will be seen that there were six millions, seven hundred and fourteen thousand, eight hundred and eighty males, who paid the capitation ; old men and children were included in this calculation, but the women and girls were not ; and therefore if we double this number, we shall find thirteen millions, four hundred and twenty-nine thousand souls : I must likewise observe that none of the troops, which at that time were about 350,000 men, nor any of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of the whole empire, who were about 200,000, were included in this number, as they are not liable to this capitation tax. The strangers who reside in the empire, of what profession, or of what country soever they are, are all exempted from this tax ; and so are likewise the inhabitants of the conquered provinces ; namely, of Livonia, Estonia, Ingria, Carelia, and part of Finland, and of the Ukraine, as well as several hords of the Tartars, and all the idolatrous people of Siberia, which, upon a moderate calculation, will make the number of the inhabitants in the Russian dominions amount to above eighteen millions ; and by comparing the extent of this empire, with that of any other state of Europe, with Spain, for example, which is the least peopled of any other European kingdom in proportion to the extent of her territories, it will be found that Russia, in proportion to her territories, is five times less peopled than Spain, and consequently it will be seen that this state can never make any great figure in manufactures, while she has not inhabitants sufficient

ficient to cultivate her lands, and to improve the productions of agriculture, the first and great object of commerce.

On the accession of Peter the Great, the whole revenues of the Russian empire did not amount to six millions of rubles, or twelve hundred thousand pounds; but at the beginning of the late war with the Turks, after the empress had annexed the church lands to the domains of the crown, and the government had imposed some additional taxes, the public revenues were found to be full twenty-eight millions of rubles. This augmentation is said to arise chiefly from the imposts on foreign merchandize; notwithstanding which, Mr. Williams is of opinion, and we think with reason, that Russia can never become a great commercial state, in proportion to her natural advantages, as long as her government is so despotic, and subject to revolutions. On those accounts, no merchant will venture into extensive plans of commerce; and hence we find, that most of the foreign merchants at present established in Russia, act only as commissioners for companies abroad, which carry on the trade for the Russians, who are afraid to enter too far into it themselves.

We are informed that the military force of the Russians at present, exclusive of the Cossacks and Tartars, amounts to three hundred and fifty thousand men; but our author observes, so great is the extent of their territories, and the number of the fortresses which they have to support from Petersburg to the borders of China, that it is with difficulty they can bring a hundred and fifty thousand into the field to act offensively against an enemy. With respect to the spirit and discipline of this army, Mr. Williams observes, that 'the common Russian soldiers, from a principle of superstition, are taught to despise life, and by this means are brought to stand their ground, and keep their ranks, perhaps, equal to any troops in the world.

'They are likewise very bold and resolute in attacking; and if their generals possessed that judgment and knowledge of military affairs which is necessary to direct properly the motions of such a soldiery, certainly they would be equal in every respect to the best troops in Europe; but this is wanting: merit is not rewarded in Russia at present as it was in the reign of Peter the Great, when a man who sold tarts and fruit in the streets became chief general of all the Russian armies as the just reward of his superior abilities: every thing is upon a very different footing from what it was in those days; there are many young fops who have the rank of lieutenant-general and of general, whose want of talents and military skill can only be equalled by their impertinence and turbulent disposition: there is now no Peter to keep them in order, and
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to distinguish the man of merit from the blockhead. The present empress Catherine the Second does every thing, it is true, that a woman of great talents can do in such a situation: but alas! she is afraid of their cabals, is often obliged to give way to them, and to shut her eyes against many abuses which a man of resolution would have immediately rectified. The Russian guards are become as formidable and turbulent as the Strelitzs were when Peter the First came to the throne. The officers of this corps, which is at present at least 10,000 men, are for the most part Russians, and the sons of the nobility, who have great influence and power over the men, and who in two hours time can lead them to rebellion, and overturn the whole government. These officers, who have a high idea of their own merit, the effect of ignorance and pride, must be managed: they demand high ranks and posts in the army for which they are not in any respect qualified, and the empress, to avoid the ill effects of their cabals and intrigues, is obliged to comply with their requests; hence it is that there are so many bad officers of rank in the Russian army, and that men of merit are at present disregarded and overlooked in this country. These regiments of guards are the worst troops of all the regulars in the Russian empire: they have not been in action, as far as I can discover, since the time of the emperor Peter the Great; so that now they cherish the idea that they have no other duty than to guard Petersbourg and the person of the sovereign, and, like the ancient Strelitzs, to endeavour to overturn the government when any bold and audacious villain will put himself at their head.

The naval power of Russia consists of at least sixty ships of the line, and between thirty and forty frigates; besides about a hundred and fifty row-gallies, which they formerly used upon the lakes against the Swedes, and which are still useful in many parts of the Baltic, where it would be dangerous for large ships to enter. But notwithstanding they have all the materials for ship-building, we are told that their dock-yards, store-houses, &c. are very badly provided.

The late partition of Poland by the three great neighbouring powers, has been justly regarded as an enormous violation of the rights of that kingdom; yet when we consider the wretched state of the people under their former government, this event can hardly be regretted upon the principle of humanity, as may appear from the following recital.

‘ From being a free people, nine tenths of all the Polish nation are in a state of the grossest ignorance and of the most abject slavery, and though they are called Christians are treated with more cruelty than many of the Negro slaves in the West-India islands. Every gentleman has a right to give his voice at the election of a king, and even to be elected himself; but this is one of the sources
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of all their evils and of the vitiated state of the present government ; the throne, since the extinction of the family of the Jagellons, has been always put up to the best bidder, and as there have been few of the Poles rich enough to buy it, it has often been sold to strangers : the nobility and clergy generally defend their liberties against the king and keep the rest of the nation in slavery. The farmers do not cultivate and sow the lands for themselves, but for their lords, to whom they and their families appertain, and by whom they are bought and sold like so many sheep and cattle, and are denied even the common rights of humanity ; the conscientious clergy, who are so extremely zealous on account of their religion, make no scruple to keep their fellow-creatures in this miserable state, and are constantly taking every advantage to make them more so : the number of these farmers constitute the riches of the nobility ; every farmer is obliged to work four days in the week for his lord, and one day for himself and for his family ; his labour produces to his proprietor about four guineas and a half yearly. The lord may sell his farmer to whom he pleases ; if he kills him the law condemns him to pay a fine, which is about one pound sterling : but as a gentleman is not dependent upon any other person, he cannot be judged in any criminal affairs but by an assembly of the states, neither can he be arrested till after he has been judged and condemned, so that the guilty person is generally left unpunished. If the farmer killed by a nobleman appertained to another lord, the former is obliged to replace him by another slave. Great numbers of the nobility are very poor, and rather endeavour to enrich themselves by commerce ; they put themselves in the service of others who are rich and powerful, condescend to do the most menial offices in the houses of their equals, and give themselves the titles of electors of their equals, and give themselves the titles of electors of kings and of destroyers of tyrants. To see the king of Poland in all his pomp of royal majesty, one would imagine him to be the most absolute prince in Europe, though he is, strictly speaking, the least so.

The poor, and those who are past the years of labour, are in this country extremely miserable, there being very few public foundations for their support. Their poverty is said to be so great in many parts of the kingdom, that they are obliged to live in holes of the earth, to feed upon the fruit and roots which grow wild, or upon the flesh of wild beasts which they may take in hunting, and with the skins of which they cover themselves.

The constitution of Poland has been in all ages extremely unfavourable to commerce. By the fundamental laws, no merchant or manufacturer is at liberty to purchase any landed estate, or to acquire any real property in the kingdom. Such is the pride and ignorance of the nobility and clergy, that they

hold those industrious classes of the people in the greatest contempt, and as hardly superior to their slaves. Hence the spirit of manufacture is exceedingly languid, and all the inland commerce is carried on by Jews and foreigners, who take every opportunity to defraud the Polish inhabitants.

‘The Polish nobility, says our author, were so extremely ignorant of their own real interests, that it was the general opinion the introduction of the arts and commerce would tend to enlighten the people, and to stir up such an emulation among them as would make them turbulent and be highly injurious to their property, without considering how much the cultivation and improvement of the kingdom by manufactures and commerce would increase the value of their landed estates, and at the same time procure them all the necessaries and even the luxuries of life from among their fellow-subjects at a much cheaper rate than they can procure them from foreign states.’

The revenues of the king of Poland formerly arose from certain lands which were vested in the crown, and from the produce of the salt-works and the customs, all which never exceeded two hundred thousand pounds a year, and sometimes did not amount to the half of that sum. Since the kingdom has been divided, the salt-works, with some of the crown-lands, have been seized upon by the empress queen of Hungary, the produce of the custom-houses in Prussia by the king of Prussia, and another part of the crown-lands, with part of the customs of Mohilow, by the empress of Russia.

The army consisted usually of thirty-six thousand men, distinguished into two corps independent of each other, viz. that of Poland, which was fixed at twenty-four thousand, and the troops of Lithuania at twelve thousand; of the latter of which two thirds were cavalry.

Our author with justice imputes the calamities of Poland to the intolerable oppression exercised by the nobility and clergy, the consequence of which was the extinction of every principle among the people, that could inspire them with the love of their country, or animate them to any useful pursuit.

‘Dismembering, says he, the provinces of the kingdom, and vesting the sovereign authority of different districts in different persons, which was heretofore practised by several kings of Poland, likewise contributed greatly to weaken the power of the crown and to increase the authority and independency of the nobles and clergy. Whenever there is a number of little independent governments, which are bordering upon sovereignties, in a state, the government of that state will be always weak and enervated, and as those little governors are generally so many tyrants, who are jealous of each other, the state will always be agitated like a troubled sea, and exhibit a scene of confusion and oppression.’

oppression. This has always been the case in Poland, and will continue so to be as long as the present form of government exists in this kingdom; for so long as confederacies are tolerated, and there are great numbers of slaves ready to obey the confederates, there will always be ambitious and ill-designing people enough to keep the government in a constant scene of confusion and discord. A state in such a situation will always be like a general whose army is ready to mutiny; he never will be in a condition to defend himself against an enemy, whilst his army is in this disposition, neither can a kingdom subsist whose government is undermining itself. Poland has experienced this great truth; her own divisions and a viciousness of a part of her inhabitants, who would trample under foot the just rights and privileges of the others, have rendered her the prey of her ambitious enemies. In the year 1648, when this state appeared to be very formidable in Europe, her government would have been totally destroyed by the Cossacks and Tartars, if those robbers had not quarrelled about their plunder. Charles Gustavus and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden conquered this kingdom with great facility with a handful of troops, and if they had taken prudent measures might have established what government they thought proper, notwithstanding the boasted forces of the nobility; and we have lately seen a small body of Russian troops disperse all the idle parade of their associations. Though they have always been surrounded with enemies, the nobility and clergy would never suffer any regular military forces to be maintained and properly disciplined in the kingdom, fearing that they should be a check upon their illegal measures and tyranny: these sons of infamy and rapine would rather see their country destroyed by the Tartars, Turks, or by any other foreign state, than do justice to their injured fellow-creatures and subjects: notwithstanding the brave Sobieski so often saved them when they were at the brink of destruction, and again placed them upon a respectable footing among the other European states, to such a degree of degeneracy and corruption were they then arrived, and so great were their divisions and animosities against each other, that they refused the crown to his son in order to give it to a stranger with whom they were almost totally unacquainted; and when Augustus, from a principle of generosity, attempted to restore the state to its ancient splendor, they joined his enemies to dethrone him, after he had shewn his benevolent disposition towards them in the government of the state, and spent several millions to save both them and their country from plunder and devastation.

Through the whole of these two volumes Mr. Williams has delineated distinctly the rise and progress of each government; and he seems to exhibit a faithful, as well as judicious representation of their present state.

Letters of certain Jews to Monsieur de Voltaire. Translated by the rev. Philip Lefanu, D. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. in boards. Robinson.

WHEN we consider, that, according to the common computation, it is 3230 years since the death of Moses; that his five books, styled the Pentateuch, were written in a language, which is now but very imperfectly understood; that in numberless instances we are unacquainted with the force, the beauty, and even the meaning, of his expressions, the use and propriety of his institutions, and the singular notions and customs of the ancient patriarchs and Jews; and that he has been exposed to peculiar envy, on account of his pretensions to a sacred and prophetic character, and more particularly in consequence of having been the legislator and historian of a people, who have been despised by all other nations; under these circumstances, we shall not be surprised to find, that his writings have been misrepresented and ridiculed by superficial writers, wits, deists, and unbelievers.

The celebrated M. Voltaire in several of his pieces, particularly in his Treatise on Toleration, his Philosophical Dictionary, and his Philosophy of History, has thrown many aspersions on the Jewish nation and religion. Besides some new objections, he has produced those of Collins, Tindal, and others; and, by the help of an inventive genius and a lively style, has given them additional force and poignancy.

The design of this performance is to wipe off those aspersions, to remove those objections, to make the illustrious author sensible of his mistakes and misrepresentations, and to engage him to correct them in the next edition of his works.

These letters are said to have been written by certain Jews of the German and Polish synagogue at Amsterdam. They are dated from the neighbourhood of Utrecht in 1771, and since that time have gone through three numerous impressions. The present translation is made from the third, which is improved by several additions.

The authors are acute and learned writers. They treat their adversary with great respect; but effectually expose the errors, inconsistencies, falsehoods, and injurious reflections, which are to be found in his remarks on the history of the Jews and the writings of the Old Testament.

The principal points in debate are the characters and substances used for writing in the time of Moses, and the possibility of his writing the Pentateuch, the story of the golden calf, the expence of the tabernacle, the Israelites that were slain on account of the Moabitish women and the worship of Baal-peor,

toleration under the Hebrew government, the number of women and cattle taken from the Madianites, the Mosaic laws, the travels of Abraham, the origin of circumcision, the riches of Solomon, and the progress of arts and sciences among the Jews.

Though these topics have been frequently discussed, yet these learned Hebrews have placed some of them in a new light, and suggested many observations, which will afford pleasure and satisfaction to all impartial enquirers.

In order to prove, that it was impossible for Moses to write the Pentateuch, M. Voltaire observes, that Collins, Tindal, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and others, have alleged, that in those ages men had no other way of committing their thoughts to writing, but by engraving them upon polished stone, brick, lead, or wood; that the Chaldeans and Egyptians had no other method, &c.

On this argument one of these learned Jews makes the following remarks :

‘ Supposing men did not yet know the use of colours for writing, or did not practise it, by what authority do those critics confine the substances, on which writing might be engraved, to stone, wood, or metals? What reason have they to doubt that in Egypt it was engraved on the inside bark of certain trees? And upon the leaves of the palm-tree? As has been long practised in the Indies and in China.

‘ But ’tis too little to say that their principle is uncertain, I shall add that the contrary is no way doubtful; and it is not I, but the learned count de Caylus who will inform you.

“ It is clear, says he, that as soon as writing was found out, it was laid on every thing that could receive it.” Therefore the first writers wrote not only on stone, metals, or wood, but upon every thing that could receive writing. This is the dictate of reason, improved by an acquaintance with the arts, and which no man of good sense will deny, if some private interest does not sway him to maintain the contrary. “ The substances, adds the illustrious academician, have varied according to times and countries. It may however be affirmed that the most common substance, and the lightest for carriage, claimed the preference in a thing so necessary.” Without doubt all nations would have preferred such substances. But by a whim inconceivable in any other country, the Egyptians and the Chaldeans, precisely in the time of Moses, did quite the contrary. This wise people preferred substances, so uncommon, so hard, and so difficult of carriage, that it is past conception, how any work of moderate length could have been written on them!

‘ But further, even suppose your principle as true as it is false: suppose it was an incontestible fact, that “in the time of Moses, the only manner of writing was to engrave our

thoughts on polished stone, brick, lead, or wood," would it follow from this, that Moses could not be the author of the Pentateuch? We allow that it would have been difficult to engrave it on polished stone or on burned bricks: but what impossibility metaphysical, physical or moral, could there be in his engraving it on soft brick, or if that was inconvenient, on lead, and if lead failed, on wood?

"In the time of Moses, say those learned critics, they had no other way of writing but in hieroglyphicks, and therefore they could only write the substance of those things, which they thought worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and could never form regular histories in detail."

"But first, is it very certain that in the time of Moses, the only method of writing was hieroglyphical? The singularity of an opinion is not a title which *dispenses* the proposer from adducing proofs: where are the proofs of your writers?"

"We have some proofs on the contrary, and I think good ones, that even the alphabetical characters were known *. Such are the novelty of your opinion, and the antiquity of our's: this is a kind of possession which is valid against vague conjectures and groundless assertions. There is an improbability in your system, that Moses, who according to you wrote at least his chief laws and the most interesting events in the history of his people, should have done it in hieroglyphics, which are made up mostly of the figures of men and animals. He according to you, had forbid [forbidden] the engraving any figure, and must, as other learned men say, have known that the abuse of those characters had been one of the sources of Egyptian idolatry. And lastly, it is improbable that characters very different from those which were employed by the legislator and consecrated by God himself should have been substituted in the place of these latter, without the least trace of this remarkable change having been left, in our writings or our tradition.

"To these proofs, which relate immediately to us, add the testimony even of prophane history. This informs us that almost all nations have looked on the invention of letters as of the most remote antiquity; that the Assyrians and Chaldeans thought them as ancient as their empire; that the Egyptians pretended their Thor, or some of his children, were the inventors of them; "they, says the celebrated Warburton, who never ascribed the invention of any thing to their gods of which they knew the origin; that these people, in all whose sciences Moses was instructed, had a political and a sacerdotal alphabet, even in the times of their ancient kings; that Cecrops and Cadmus, one of whom is supposed to have lived before the Jewish legislator, and the other to have been his cotemporary, conveyed

* See Remarks on the Origin of Alphabetic Writing, Crit. Rev. vol. xli. p. 334.

even then the knowledge of alphabetical characters into Greece, &c. &c.

‘ All those traditions concerning the antiquity of letters, traditions so ancient, so universal, and which agree so well with our sacred writings, must certainly have had some foundation, and deserve some credit, if not in every minute particular, yet in substance. Even the uncertainty and variety of opinions on this discovery, and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, notwithstanding all the researches of the learned, of assigning a period to it, shew incontestably that it runs back to the most distant ages. Are not these reasons, sir, plausible enough, against an assertion which is destitute of proofs ?

‘ Therefore it is not certain that in the time of Moses the only way of writing was hieroglyphical.’

The author proceeds to shew, that the following point is not more clear, viz. that with the help of hieroglyphics he could not have written the Pentateuch.

‘ We shall begin by observing that the characters of representative and hieroglyphical writing underwent successively divers changes. First, objects, such as they were seen in nature, were painted in a clumsy way, and this was probably the first manner of writing of the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Chinese, &c. &c. and this is still the manner of some American nations. Afterwards these objects were no longer painted in full, they just drew the contour of some of their principal parts. And lastly, they confined themselves to those lines which were the fittest for describing them. Such is still the writing of the Chinese, as the learned tell us ; and it seems to have been that of most nations, until, by an happy effort of genius, men thought of describing no longer the objects, but the signs of their conceptions, that is, the words which recall them to our minds.

‘ Let us now suppose, what you have in no wise proved, that Moses really knew none but the hieroglyphical characters of the first sort, was it impossible for him to write, by the help of them, such a history of the Pentateuch, which is an abridgment, and confined to things necessary ? The Mexicans were not acquainted with any other representative kind of writing but the first ; and yet they had their history, which ran from the time they entered that country, until the Europeans came and conquered them, and this history comprehended their laws, the regulations of their police, the particulars of their government, &c. &c. And why could not the Hebrew legislator write such an history with the same characters.

‘ Now if it was not impossible to have regular histories, and of a certain length, with the first kind of representative writing, was it not still much less so with the second kind, and still less again with the third ; that is, the running hieroglyphicks ? Have not the Chinese regular histories in detail ? And yet their writing, as we have shewn, is in the third hieroglyphical man-

ner, or comes very near to it. Now what proofs can your critics produce to shew that Moses did not know the second, or even the third kind of hieroglyphical writing?

‘ Therefore, even supposing that in the time of Moses hieroglyphical characters were used, and alphabetical ones unknown, it was not impossible for him to write the Pentateuch.’

In opposition to the history of the golden calf, M. Voltaire alledges, that chemistry, in its highest stage of perfection, cannot reduce gold to potable powder. These Jewish writers reply: Stahl, the celebrated chemist, affirms, that the salt of tartar mixed with sulphur, dissolves gold so as to reduce it to a potable powder. The author of a work, called the Origin of Laws, Sciences, and Arts, asserts, that Natron, a substance known in the East, and more particularly near the Nile, produces the same effect; that Moses, who had been instructed in all the sciences of the Egyptians, was very well acquainted with the whole power of its operation; and that he could not have devised a better method of punishing the treachery of the Israelites, than by obliging them to drink this powder; because gold rendered potable in this manner, has a detestable taste. Baron, Macquer, Le Fevre, and other eminent chemists, agree, that nothing is more certain than the possibility of this operation, and that we can no longer entertain the least doubt of the matter.

It was impossible, says Voltaire, for any artist to make a statue of gold in less than three months. Our authors assert, that they have consulted several workmen upon this occasion, and that those artists have assured them, that the operation might be performed in three days, or in a less time, in proportion to the size and simplicity of the statue.

M. Voltaire, with the writers abovementioned, thinks it extraordinary, that Aaron, who was the most guilty of all, should have been rewarded for that very crime, for which the rest underwent a dreadful punishment, by being appointed high-priest.

‘ The transgression of Aaron was certainly grievous and abominable; but I pray you noble criticks, Bolingbrooke, Tindall, Collins, &c. consider the circumstances he finds himself in. On one side, he is as ignorant as the other Hebrews, whether his brother will ever return, and whether God, who is now silent, will ever again deign to speak to his people. On the other hand, he is hurried, he is imperiously commanded. “Up, say they, make us gods.” In vain he strives to calm their spirits, and to keep them faithful to their duty. He knows their violent and impetuous character. O sublime philosophers! your souls, intrepid and strangers to fear, would perhaps have remained unshaken in these circumstances. But a weak mind might have been
daunted

daunted without a miracle. All hearts are not possessed of that intrepid courage, which philosophy inspires.

"He should have died," you say, in another place. He should, nobody disputes it. But do we always act as we should? And do we pretend to say that he was innocent?

"Aaron, the most guilty of all." Who told you this? Did you read his heart? How do you know but the dread of violence, his reluctance in yielding to it, and the bitterness of his repentance rendered him more worthy of being spared than the rest?

'He transgresses, but repentance soon follows the transgression. The sincerity of his sorrow, and the prayers of his brother, disarm the Lord, who was preparing to exterminate him, with the rest of the guilty. He obtains his pardon, and some time after is raised to the sacerdotal office. This is what your writers call, "being rewarded for his crime." You must allow, sir, that although this expression has the merit of energy, yet it has not entirely that of justness.'

Here our authors very properly observe, that it is impossible the relation of Aaron's transgression and of the adoration of the calf could have been added to the books of Moses.

Who, say they, could have added the transgression of Aaron? it could not have been an author not of the sacerdotal order: the priests, the guardians of the sacred writings would not have suffered it. It could not have been one of that order. It is utterly incredible that the priests should have corrupted the records of their religion to dishonour themselves without reason, by dishonouring their chief and father. With respect to the people's adoration of the golden calf, if this is an apochryphal fact, added to the books of Moses, when, by whom, and how was it done? It is not conceivable, that this forger could have any interest to cast a blemish on his ancestors and his nation; or that this forgery could be committed without detection and abhorrence.

What M. Voltaire says concerning toleration among the Jews is particularly discussed in these letters. The authors shew, that the facts he quotes from their sacred history, are either foreign to the question, or falsely represented, or that they happened in times of anarchy, captivity, or general corruption; that most of the instances he produces, prove nothing, or militate against himself; that the Jewish legislation was of necessity intolerant, but not the only intolerant one, and that this severity was better conducted among them, than amongst other nations. On this occasion many instances of want of toleration among the ancients are produced, especially among the Greeks and Romans.

‘ The decree of Diopythes, commanding, that they should be impeached, who denied the existence of the gods, the prosecutions commenced against Protagoras, the reward offered for the head of Diagoras, the dangers of Alcibiades, the flight of Aristotle, the banishment of Stilpo, Anaxagoras with difficulty escaping death, Aspasia owing her life to the tears and eloquence of Pericles, all the philosophers prosecuted for having written or spoken against the gods of the country, a priestess executed for having introduced strange gods, Socrates condemned to drink hemlock, because he was accused of not acknowledging the gods of the state: these are facts, which attest too strongly the intolerance and severity of the laws concerning worship, even in the most humane and polished nation of Greece, to leave any doubt of the matter.

The Roman laws were no less clear and severe in this respect. *Deos peregrinos ne colunto*, “ strange gods shall not be worshipped.” A tolerating government does not express itself in this manner. Follow the history of this great people and you will find the same prohibitions given by the senate, upon several occasions. See *Liv. iv. 30. xxv. 1. xxix. 16. Val. Maximus, iii. 1.* This intolerance was continued under the emperors; witness the councils of Mæcenas to Augustus against those, who should introduce, or honour in Rome other gods than those of the empire; witness the Egyptian superstitions proscribed under this emperor, and under Tiberius; the Jews banished, if they would not renounce their religion: but witness, above all, the persecutions of the Christians under Nero, Domitian, Maximian, Dioclesian, and even under Trajan, and M. Aurelius.

More examples yet might have been quoted, especially in reasoning against M. Voltaire; for example, Abraham persecuted for the sake of religion by Nembrod; Zoroaster waging war against the king of Touran, in order to make him conform to the worship of fire; the oath, which every citizen of Athens took to defend his religion, and to conform to it without reserve; Æschylus condemned and led to execution for having spoken ill of the gods; the Epicurean philosophers banished from two cities, because they corrupted the morals of the citizens by their maxims and examples; the works of Cremutius Cordus burnt by order of the senate, &c. which added to the others our authors produce, entirely subvert M. Voltaire’s assertion, that there is no instance in history of a philosopher’s having opposed the will of the prince and of the government.

These writers have suggested many sensible remarks on the Jewish laws; and the comparison they have drawn between them,

them, and the laws of modern nations, will contribute to give us a higher opinion of the Mosaic code, than is generally entertained. We shall subjoin two or three short examples.

‘ Moses says, “ If a man smite the eye of his servant or the eye of his maid, and if he smite out his man-servant’s tooth or his maid-servant’s tooth, he shall let them go free for the sake of the eye or the tooth.” You, gentle and humane nations, say to your negroes, “ that they are men like you, redeemed with the blood of that *God*, who *died* for them as well as for you. And after this you make them work like beasts of burthen, you feed them ill, and if they attempt to run away, you cut off one of their legs, and you oblige them to turn a sugar-mill, after giving them a wooden one.”

‘ Our code says, “ there shall be no whore [that is, no woman devoted to prostitution, like the courtezans in the temple of Venus at Corinth] of the daughters of Israel.” All your cities are full of them; and if we are to believe your wise men, there ought to be public endowments for them, and their calling ought to be held honourable.

‘ It says, “ he that is emasculated shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord.” And Philo affirms that death was the punishment appointed for thus mutilating a man. But you mutilate your children “ to make musicians of them for the pope’s chapel,” and you post up in your towns advertisements informing the public, where the best operators in this way may be found.

‘ You laugh at the particulars, into which Moses enters for keeping wholesome air in our camps and cities, and cleanliness about our houses and persons; at the ablutions he prescribes after having touched dead bodies; at the attention he recommends to us to cover the blood of slaughtered animals, &c. ’Tis true your laws lay no such troublesome observances on you. No, but the most public places in your capitals present us with a shocking spectacle of the carcases of animals cut up; the blood flows from street to street, and the dead infect the living even in your temples.

‘ A contagious distemper raged in Palestine and the neighbourhood; the wise precautions of our legislator prevented its communication; and your fathers by observing these, at last kept off this scourge. A still more destructive contagion mows down the flower of your youth, and you have no other secret for curing it, but to give it to yourselves, and your only method of preserving yourselves from it is to spread it.’

Our authors do not mean, in this last paragraph, to condemn the practice of inoculation. They would only give the preference to Mr. Paulet’s preservative method, which is the same as that of Moses against the leprosy. And they tell us, that an eminent physician is preparing to strengthen it by new experiments.

M. Voltaire says, the Jews were a wretched nation, ever ignorant and vulgar, strangers to the arts, and the most superstitious of all people. The sons of Jacob thus apologize for their forefathers.

“The Hebrews were a vulgar people.” Do you think, sir, that no nations are worthy of esteem but polished nations, such as the Athenians, and the French? What do you think then of those renowned people the Cretans, the Spartans, were they wretched nations?

“Strangers to the arts.” Does it become you, a writer of the eighteenth century, to charge the ancient Hebrews with ignorance? A people, who, whilst your barbarous ancestors, whilst even the Greeks and Latins wandering in the woods, could scarcely procure for themselves cloathing, and a settled subsistence, already possessed all arts of necessity, and some also of mere pleasure; who not only knew how to feed and rear cattle, till the earth, work up wood, stone, and metals, weave cloath, dye wool, embroider stuffs, polish and engrave on precious stones, but who, even then, adding to manual arts those of taste and refinement, surveyed land, appointed their festivals according to the motion of the heavenly bodies, and ennobled their solemnities by the pomp of ceremonies, by the sound of instruments, music, and dancing; who even then committed to writing the history of the origin of the world, that of their own nation, and of their ancestors; who had poets and writers skilled in all the sciences then known, great and brave commanders, a pure worship, just laws, a wise form of government; in short, who is the only one, of all ancient nations, that has left us authentic monuments of genius and of literature. Can this nation be justly charged with ignorance?”—

“The most superstitious of all people.” Either you are absent, sir, or you do not speak seriously. You certainly forget the Greeks, with their absurd theogony, and their adulterous, ravishing, plundering gods, &c. the Egyptian worshipping goats and monkees, and offering incense to cats and crocodiles, to leeks and onions; the Romans consulting the sacred chickens on the fate of battles, and consecrating statues to the god Fart, altars to Terror, and temples to Fever; the Persian prostrate before fire, covering his mouth with a veil, lest he should contaminate it with his breath, and rubbing himself over with the urine of an ox, as a purification; the Indian standing whole months on one leg, his arms extended, his neck inclined, or driving large nails into his buttocks, and dying with resignation, holding a cow’s tail in his hand. You forget all the nations of antiquity paying religious worship to wood and stone, searching for future events in the course of the heavenly bodies, and in the flight of birds, consulting soothsayers, interrogating the dead, applying to enchanters, trembling before sorcerers, &c. in a word, given up to the most absurd and extravagant superstitions.

stitutions. And even if their superstitions had been merely ridiculous and absurd, but they had many besides which were impure and cruel ! How many nations thought they honoured their gods by infamous debauchery and shocking sacrifices, in which their fellow-creatures or their own children served as victims ? All these ridiculous and abominable species of superstition tolerated, authorised by their laws, and which amongst them formed a part of publick worship, were expressly forbidden to the Jew by his law ; and yet you charge him with having been the most superstitious of all men ! If we judge of this people as we ought to do, by its worship and its laws, it has been certainly less tainted with superstition than any other ancient people.

In this manner these learned Jews have endeavoured to vindicate their nation, their legislator, and their ancient writings ; and we must confess, that, though there are difficulties and objections still remaining, we have read their apology with pleasure. We are indeed so far from joining M. Voltaire in wishing to expose the character of the Jewish legislator, that we should rejoice to see it raised above all exceptions : not merely because the Pentateuch is admitted into our canon of scripture, but on account of his history, which, in our estimation, is infinitely more valuable than that of Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, in short, of any other Greek or Roman writer, as it comprehends an interval of 2552 years, which, without it, would have been a blank in the annals of time, a period of utter darkness and oblivion.

Letters to the King, from an old patriotic Quaker, lately deceased.
8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed. Baldwin.

THE character in which this author writes, is peculiarly favourable to his purpose, uniting in its idea that simplicity of manner which excludes the imputation of artifice, and is the best calculated for qualifying the unreserved freedom of a subject in a public address to his sovereign. But a nominal distinction, however privileged, we should not consider as worthy of any regard, were it not supported by the more essential indications of candour and benevolence usually ascribed to the sect, and which, it must be admitted, this author appears to possess.

The correspondence begins with the following letter, on the delicate situation of princes.

‘ To George the Third, King of Great Britain and the dominions thereunto belonging, one of the people called Quakers wisheth all happiness in soul, body, and estate.

‘ Patriots dictate to kings, and I assume the name merely that my advice may have the more dignity and weight. Nor
do

do I approach the throne either with fear or trembling, but with a heart full of confidence in thy docility and attention.

‘ It is not the province of one mortal to know the thoughts of another; but the countenance is often an index to the mind; and Heaven has marked thee with distinction infinitely preferable to all the ensignia of royalty—*the exterior of an honest man.*

‘ In the entry, it may be proper to observe that it will be as much for thy convenience as for mine, to forget but a few moments where and what thou art. I ask nothing more to the success of my proposal. The sycophants and spaniels who fawn, uncover, and kneel in thy presence, may sometimes influence thee to think thyself more than man, while the invidious and less successful rivals of thy favour, would have us believe thee to be less. For my part, I wish to find thee only in the full and liberal exercise of all those powers and faculties, which God has given thee, with thine ears unoccupied, thy heart unbiassed, and thy mind open to conviction.

‘ I must be free to consider thee simply as one of the brethren and friends, which would to God thou wert. This idea will be no degradation of thee, and will, besides, give a loose to my whole heart, which in truth is as full of affection for thee and thine, as thou canst wish. Trust me, it will be no blot on the annals of thy reign, when both of us are reclaimed by our mother earth, that a poor, obscure Quaker had the honesty, amidst the tumult of the people, to lift up his voice from afar; and that the greatest of kings, by deigning him a hearing, shewed himself also to be among the best of men.

‘ As highly as thou art exalted above thy fellow creatures, it becomes thee to understand a little of their minds. Providence, as thou well knowest, hath placed thee on an eminence to watch the interest of others with sympathy and tenderness, not to look down upon any with indifference or contempt; and it is not less happy for thee than for them, that thou art so deeply concerned in their sentiments. Thou mightest, otherwise, like many unfortunate princes of immortal infamy, have precipitated thyself into immediate wretchedness and lasting disgrace; but whilst thy only glory is in the love and loyalty of a populous, powerful, and undivided kingdom, while thy greatness is their happiness, and their liberties the sole object of all thy ministrations, the crown shall flourish on thy head and descend with honour to thy son.

‘ It deserves to be engraven on thy heart, as the first and best of all maxims, “ that our civil and religious privileges are the only staple pillars of thy throne, and that our prosperity is thy sole security.” Thou art to us what the head is to the body,

and hast all the reason in the world to suspect thyself, whenever not sensibly affected with our minutest complaints.

‘Thou can’st not, therefore, in the present critical posture of affairs, be indifferent to our opinions. It is well known how rudely and roundly thou and thy servants are censured, for carrying on a bloody and expensive war against the *Friends*, and others in America. Far be it from one of the suffering, persecuted, and depressed brethren, to join the children of this world in waging their intemperate tongues against the Lord’s anointed. Nor have I the vanity to expect that from thee, which thou hast denied to thousands: much less that my advice should be followed in opposition to that of thy parliament and privy council. I am old enough to know what influence the voice of a private individual generally has on those in a public station; but, whatever should be the consequence, thou shalt most certainly hear from me, what thou never didst, nor ever can hear from such as have an interest in deceiving thee.’

The subsequent Letters are employed on the following subjects respectively; on the religious system of the Quakers, and how it regulates their manners; on the religion of the world as it operates on various fashionable professions in society; on our national prosperity at the commencement of the present reign; on the difficulties inseparable from a continuance of the war; on augmenting the strength and heightening the clamour of opposition; on the importance of a prince’s understanding the real condition of his people; on the immoral tendency of the present commercial spirit; on the insidious policy of France, and the probability of a French war; on the dilatory and impolitic manner in which our colonial war has been hitherto conducted; on their system of politics to whom every measure of administration is equally obnoxious; on the principle of resistance inherent in the English constitution; on the distressful situation to which we are at present reduced; on extent of territory as inimical to the prosperity of the state; on the improbability of subjugating the rebels; on the bad consequences inevitable from the success of our arms; on the necessity of an immediate accommodation; on what the most political measures to be adopted are, on the supposition we were conquerors; on political writers; on the prospect of a general reformation.

We have been the more gratified in the perusal of these Letters, as the author seems not to be inlisted on the side of any party, and expresses an honest indignation at the factious opposition to government, which so unfortunately distinguishes the present times. He discovers such an apprehension, however, respecting the pernicious consequences of the present war to the
mother

mother country, that we cannot entirely acquit him of a latent predilection for the colonists. But let it be acknowledged that his opinions and arguments are consistent with the pacific disposition of that sect of which he professes himself a member; and that while he has suggested many important and judicious observations, he has neither addressed the throne with the enthusiasm of a religious, nor the more offensive petulance of a political zealot. He has equally avoided adulation and arrogance, and his style is polished without deviating from the chaste simplicity of his character.

Observations and Conjectures on the Nature and Properties of Light, and on the Theory of Comets. By William Cole. 8vo. 2s. Robinson.

‘**O**F all the operations of nature, says this writer, that have engaged the attention of philosophers, none have been more clearly explained, or more satisfactorily accounted for, than those which relate to light and colours. The theory established by Sir Isaac Newton, upon the solid basis of experiment and fact, seems to carry with it such force of conviction, as is scarce possible to be resisted by an unprejudiced enquirer after truth. Objections however have been often started against this, as well as the other discoveries of our great philosopher; and of late some opinions seem to have been gaining ground relating to this doctrine, which strike at its root, or at least tend to involve it in considerable obscurity.

‘My design in the following papers is, to examine the force of these objections, and this chiefly in order to introduce some observations and conjectures which either arise from the Newtonian theory, or at least tend to confirm and illustrate it. Premising however, that such of them as do not appear to be sufficiently warranted by experiment, I would wish the reader to consider as *hypotheses* merely, till they shall be either established or exploded by further experiments.’

Mr. Cole then mentions what seems to have been Sir Isaac Newton's idea of the nature of light. And after specifying separately some objections that have been started, and some novel opinions that have been broached, he delivers, in a plain, modest manner, his defence against the former, and his examination of the latter. The particulars which he chiefly animadverts upon, are such as these: That of an universal plenum. That the particles of the ætherial medium and those of light and heat, are the same. That light is not matter, but only an affection of it, or a vibratory motion propagated in the particles

particles of matter. And several other things that have appeared as objections. His examinations of these positions, although they may not suggest the opinion of great erudition, are yet delivered in such a manner as discovers a modest disposition, with a sufficient degree of penetration and knowledge of the subject of his enquiries. In his examination of some objections made from the opinion that light has been considered as a continued medium, that in such case its amazing velocity and great quantity of matter must produce very sensible momentum, &c. he has the following ingenious reflections, 'Light, then, I apprehend, possesses none of the properties of a fluid; but consists of solid bodies, or particles of matter, projected from the luminous body, and succeeding each other in right lines. For if light were a fluid, the rays or streams, must, according to the foregoing objection, certainly obstruct each other in their passage. The same objection would also obtain, if the particles that compose a ray of light be supposed to follow instantaneously, or to be contiguous to each other. Now there are many observations which strongly incline us to think, that they do not follow instantaneously, but succeed each other at considerable distances.

'In the first place, the great Author of Nature has so formed our organs of sight, that the instantaneous succession of the particles in a ray of light is not necessary to produce distinct vision. For the impressions made by a ray of light upon the retina, and communicated from thence to the brain through the optic nerve, are of a lasting nature; and therefore if a second particle succeeds before the impression made by the first ceases, the vision will be as distinct as if the succession were instantaneous. Now as the all-wise Author of our being has made no part of our frame without its uses, it is reasonable to suppose, that this would not have been the construction of the organ, if there had been no necessity for it; and it does not appear, that there would be any such necessity, if the particles of light, were contiguous, or succeeded each other instantaneously. Therefore we may with great reason conclude, that the particles do in fact succeed each other at considerable distances.

'But it will be worth while to examine this matter further, and endeavour to find out, nearly, the distances at which the particles may succeed; and this may be done by the following easy and simple experiment. Let a burning coal be moved round in the circumference of a circle, with such a velocity as to make one revolution in about one fourth of a second of time, then a beholder will see an entire circle of fire; consequently the impressions on the retina continue during one revolution of the coal, or about one fourth of a second of time. Hence it appears,

appears, that if the particles of light succeed each other every quarter of a second, the vision will be distinct. But we will suppose the particles to succeed much quicker, and to strike the retina an hundred times in a second, or six thousand times in a minute. Now as light is about seven minutes in passing from the sun to the earth, or about eighty one millions of miles, we find, that, according to this supposition, the particles will succeed each other at a distance of near two thousand miles.

* If then we consider the particles of light as succeeding each other at this distance, the greatest part, if not all, of Mr. Brydone's objections entirely vanish. For though the succession in respect to time be almost instantaneous, yet the distance of the particles from each other being very considerable, it will be easily conceived, that the several rays, or streams of such particles, may pass through the vast regions of space without any sensible obstruction. For though some of the particles may possibly strike others in their passage, yet if only one particle in twenty, passing in the same direction, arrives at the eye uninterrupted, the vision will be distinct and perfect,

* Hence also we see the reason why the momenta of the particles of light produce no greater effects. For the motion excited by one particle in some measure subsides before a second particle succeeds; and in the interval between these successive strokes, the particles of the body upon which the light falls will be restored to their former situation, by their own elasticity, and also by the percussion of the adjacent rays. The particles of the body, being thus alternately impelled and restored, will be put into a vibratory motion, like that whereby heat is excited, or wherein it is supposed by some to consist.—But as our limits will not permit us to make extracts sufficient to explain his several ingenious reflections, we must refer to the book itself, such enquirers as would be fully acquainted with them.

The other part of this little work, is employed in considerations on the phenomena of comets.—The author here very ably refutes the notions of some modern philosophers, who having amused themselves with twirling an electrical machine, imagine they are able to explain all the operations in nature by its rotation; and the motion of comets, among many others equally rational.—The objections of such gentlemen, scarcely deserve notice, being the result of the grossest ignorance in the mechanical effects of combined forces.

Mr. Cole then takes occasion to remark on the very irregular motions and appearances of comets, and he seems inclined to think, not only that towards their extreme distances from the sun, they may be sensibly affected by the attraction of other systems or stars, but that they may frequently go off from our sun,

sun with velocities sufficient to give them a parabolic or hyperbolic path, in which case their motion continuing till they reach the outlines of other systems, they may either become permanent parts of them, or be returned thence in like manner from them towards other different stars, and so be made a kind of fugitives through unbounded space!

Whether any truth may hereafter be found in these reflections, it must be owned that the author manifests a good degree of ingenuity, and renders them seemingly neither impossible nor improbable.

Select Letters between the late Duchess of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Miss Dolman, Mr. Whistler, Mr. R. Dodsley, William Shenstone, Esq. and others; including a Sketch of the Manners, Laws, &c. of the Republic of Venice, and some poetical Pieces; the whole now first published from original Copies, by Mr. Hull. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. boards. Dodsley.

THE propriety of giving to the public letters never designed for its perusal, is a question which yet remains to be determined. Mr. Pope in some of his writings, unless our memory fail us, declares that it would give him pleasure to read the private letters of a child, if it could express its ideas. They, who are of the same opinion, will not be displeased at the daily increase of publications of this nature. Notwithstanding we have generously given the women all the credit for curiosity, it is still perhaps equally common to both sexes. There is something so agreeable in seeing what was not designed for us to see, in reading what was not intended for our perusal, that private letters will never cease to be a fund of public amusement. One of the ancients wished he had a window in his breast, that mankind might see his very soul—we moderns wish one another's bosoms were glazed, merely from motives of curiosity.

The present collection of Letters is published by Mr. Hull, of Covent-garden theatre. Though some of them be interesting, and many entertaining, not a few might be spared; especially in the second volume. To say the truth, if it had not been determined, from reverence for the memory of Mr. Shenstone, or from some more politic motive, to spread this publication into two octavo volumes, we could have liked it better in one. But the most difficult task, either for the publisher, or the author, is to *blot*. Churchill said, 'it was like cutting away one's own flesh.'

The subsequent letter seems to give a perfect picture of Mr. Shenstone's turn of mind. Reynolds might almost paint his portrait from it.

• W. Shenstone, Esq. to Lady Luxborough.

• Dear Madam,

The Leasowes.

• Though I think it a sort of maxim, that a person in London seldom complains he is forgotten by his friends in the country, yet I cannot, by any means, prevail upon my conscience to acquit me of a sort of disrespectful silence, since your ladyship went to town. It was not either the politics or the amusements of our great metropolis, that could make the letters of your friends appear impertinent, or even indifferent to you; and though the sublime entertainment you must receive from the conversation of so great a man as lord Bolingbroke, might bid the fairest to do so, yet was I not without conviction, that your ladyship would feel some sort of complacency upon the sight of a scrip of paper, which shou'd acquaint you that I was alive.

• Alive, indeed, I am; at least, if it may be called so, to exist among a set of people, whose employments, passions, and sentiments, are entirely foreign to my own; and where I see, and hear, and do nothing, but what I think may as well be left unseen, unheard, and undone. What can your ladyship expect from a correspondent so situated, beside pure respect and friendship, and many artless assurances of their reality and continuance?

• Mr. O—— stayed pretty near a week with me. He has, I think, strict honour, good nature, and good sense. What he wants, in my eye, is a little genuine taste; for though good sense may, by degrees, enable a person to discover the beauties of nature or art, yet it can never furnish him with any extraordinary relish or enjoyment of them, which is the effect of innate taste alone, and which differs as widely from the former, as the palate differs from the brain. Your ladyship has, I dare say, frequently made the same observation.

• You will hear sir Thomas Lyttelton, notwithstanding he complained always of his head, died of a polypus in the great artery; which, I do not find, was ever, in the least, suspected by his physicians; but which, if it had been ever so apparent, they could not possibly have cured. You will imagine that his death must have thrown a sort of gloom round the villages in his neighbourhood. A numerous and fashionable family animates a country place to an inconceivable degree. The family at Hagley will be immediately dispersed. Miss Lyttelton goes to lady Litchfield's, to the colonel's, to London, and does not think to settle. Miss West goes first to Stow, and then intends to reside with her brother the commodore. Sir George and his lady set out for London to morrow, and as they propose to build, next spring, upon the *old foundation*, it may be many years ere they come to reside amongst us, even for a small part of the summer.

• Lord Dudley and I dined together at Hagley last Wednesday, where we found lord Anson's brother, and some other com-
pany.

pany. Mr. Miller unluckily asked me at table, how I liked the new situation of their column; which threw me under a necessity of offending either against the rules of politeness, or (what is more sacred with me) the laws of sincerity. The truth is, I do not like it upon many accounts; and I am persuaded, before many years are past, they will be of the same mind. But least of all, do I approve their intentions of building three new fronts, and altering every room by a Gothic model, and that with an eye to frugality, at the same time that they have not an inch of Gothicism about the house, to warp their imagination that way. But this subject never fails to lead me too far; nor can I explain myself to the full, unless I could shew your ladyship their plan. The fine situation they have, within an hundred yards, they neglect;—in short, as it appears to me, they are going to sacrifice an opportunity of rendering their place complete, for the sake of an imperfect, but expensive specimen of Gothic architecture; which, not having its foundation either in truth or proportion, will fall into disgrace again in the course of a few years—Can one then forbear crying out, “The graces droop”—“Am I in Greece or in Gothland?” But as their resolution seems fixed, I mention this in confidence, and must, for the future, lay my finger on my mouth.

Mr. S—— has so mangled and disfigured my grove, that I dare not send it to your ladyship, till he has altered the plate, so as to render it less intolerable. Fluellin, as I remember, in Shakespeare, speaking of the near resemblance betwixt Macedon and Monmouth, observes, “There is a river in Macedon, there is a river also in Monmouth—peradventure, there be fish in both.—Would you desire better similitude?” S—— being a modest man, has seemed to content himself with some degree of resemblance: but I wish him well, and will cause him, one day, to do the place justice, for his own sake as well as mine—for his own, as his piece will be seen by many who know the place, and for mine, as the place is known to afford the best scene I have. I am, &c.

W. Shenstone.

Another to the same lady, on the death of his brother, will not fail to affect our readers, and to make them love the writer.

“Dear Madam, Dec. 30, 1751.

“I had wrote to your ladyship long before this time, to acknowledge the kindness of your letter and present: but I have a most deplorable account to give of my delay, and what so good a friend as yourself will not read without a sigh. Alas, dear madam, I have lost my only brother! A more sincere or truly affectionate one never bore the name. I cannot now add more; though I should not want matter to expatiate upon his merit, if I were not at the same time to revive and lament the loss of it. He is gone before me in the very prime of his days,

and ere the force of his understanding, or the benevolence of his heart has been half exerted or known.

‘ Future letters, and other conversations, may afford me an opportunity to pour out all my soul; at present, I am not enough master of myself. I find all my views intercepted: my schemes, measures, and even my heart itself, to be well nigh broken. I have lost that spirit of a man, which alone is able to sustain his infirmities. Every object round me, that was once the source of my amusement, revives a train of ideas that I can hardly render supportable. I procure a set of low friends to chat around me, and call off my attention. But the greatest relief I have found, since the fatal close of November, is what I have drawn from stupefaction.

‘ Pardon me, my good lady; I do not mean to make a display of my affliction. I mention it, that you may account for, and excuse any omissions or improprieties in your unfortunate correspondent.

‘ Since this unhappy catastrophe, it has been my lot to hear of one that must nearly affect your ladyship. Believe me, my honoured lady, I am far from an unconcerned observer of events, that must afford you either pleasure or pain. But I am not in a condition to receive relief, and how can I pretend to give it? One thing, however, I will suggest—I think Caesar confessed at an earlier period of life than what my lord Bolingbroke arrived at, that he had lived enough, either in regard to nature or to glory.

‘ During the height of our afflictions, we can scarce believe it possible they should ever wear off. In my case, there are some particulars which render it improbable they should. Yet time, we find, alleviates the misfortunes of others, and it is fitting we should hope implicitly, that it may some how diminish our own.

‘ I will excuse your ladyship from dwelling upon the subject. Assure me only of the continuance of your esteem, and it will be of greater service than whole volumes of philosophy.

‘ Pray be so good as to write or dictate a letter to me. I earnestly pray that it may be the former, I am, dear madam, with all the tenderness of my present state of mind, your most

obliged, faithful,

and very affectionate servant,

W. Shenstone.

‘ This is the third time I have begun this letter, without being able to finish it till now. If your ladyship will favour me with a line, I hope to be able to answer it without the same difficulty.

‘ I have some thoughts of waiting on you at Barrels for a week, when I hear you are come down, but I have had a kind of nervous fever, for which I have been taking medicines. This I did, though I knew at the same time how ineffectual they must

must prove. I was taking drugs from the shop to cure anxiety of the mind.'

We shall give part of a short letter from a Mr. H— to Mr. Shenstone; because it shows how the human mind takes its colour from the last scene it sees; whether that last scene be the city or the country, the college or the camp. We do not know who this Mr. H— is, but we would not lay a wager that, notwithstanding this letter, he is not still to be found amidst the bustle and the hurry of the world. Retirement, dear retirement, is in every body's mouth, and in most people's power—but how few do any thing more than talk about it and about it, to the end of the chapter?

'I have not been at Coventry yet: neither do I intend to enter often into a place so diametrically opposite to those sylvan scenes I was entertained with at the Leasowes. Oh! when shall I sit down and end my days on such a spot somewhere near you? The money-getting slaves all think me mad to spend my life in idleness, and wonder I have passed another year without setting up in my business. Sordid wretches! whose only God is gold. How despicable must life appear, when it has past away only in collecting a heap of shining cinders! My resolutions are more strongly attached than ever to retire. When I come over, I purpose to talk with Mr. Shaw about Palmer's-Hill, which, if not much out of the way, I will purchase. I should be glad, when you meet any of the workmen, you would ask, now and then, how they go on at Northfield. I hope yourself and all friends are well, to whom my best devoirs, from

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

J. S. H—n.'

Part of another letter we shall insert, on which our readers will make their own observations.

'This can prove no other than an heavy, stupid letter, agreeable to the present disposition of my mind. The most it can pretend, is to acquaint you, in vulgar terms, that you retain your usual place in my affection and esteem: yet this may be no trivial information, now you have accepted a place at court, and have left your friends at liberty to form conjectures about your future conduct; to continue, or to dismiss you, as our electors do their representatives. Be this as it will, I confess that I refuse you, and wish that every court in Europe consisted of as honest men.

'You are in the right to decline taking M—s, if you find the scheme too expensive; and as he could not have come into your service, without purchasing his time out from his master, I believe it will now be his point to continue with him till the expiration of his indentures.

‘ I am now in some sort of doubt, concerning the management of my snuff-box ; whether to have it repaired in the cheapest way, with a figured tortoise-shell on the top, and a plain tortoise-shell in the bottom ; or to exchange the gold of it, and have a figured tortoise-shell box with a gold rim, *like yours with a gilt one*, only in the shape of an oblong square, a little rounded at the corners. I should have no thoughts of this, but that my own seems too little and unmanly. Give me your opinion soon ; though, if this latter scheme includes much expence, proceed with the former, if you please, immediately.

‘ I desire my gold clasp and rim may be directly exchanged ; I shall have a new gold clasp and rim : perhaps, may enclose a pattern for the former, before I seal this letter. *Quære*, therefore, whether the man, who makes it, will now allow most in the exchange.

‘ I believe I shall defer the purchase of my favourite waistcoat till the spring. My visitants begin to fail me, (though sir George Lyttelton, the dean, and Mr. Lyttelton, were here yesterday) my verdure abandons me, and I have little else to do, than go to sleep for the winter.’

No man is a heroe to his valet de chambre, was the remark of a French prince. Permir us to observe, that no man is a poet while he is so earnest in such trifles as these.

The sixth letter of the second volume from a Mr. Whistler to the bard of the Leaflowes, does credit to the heart of the writer, and cannot fail to please the reader.

‘ Dear sir,

‘ I received your agreeable letter ; read all the fine things your (I fear prejudiced) good-nature made you say ; at first distrusted them : but when I reflected on the person who said them, I found a strong inclination rise in me to believe them ; but how to be convinced I was still at a loss ; for I know it is in your power, either to make flattery pass for sincerity, or sincerity (so justly dreaded from the unskilful) pleasing. But be it as it will, I shall be a gainer by it ; for if ’tis flattery, it will give me a fair reputation, though undeserved, with all who hear it ; but if ’tis true, it will assure me, I deserve one from all who can like you bestow one.

‘ You enquired after Mr. D—. He, and his lady, and Miss B—s, have drank tea with me twice within this fortnight. We went to Christ-Church prayers together, from thence, arrayed in gold and silver, we rushed into St. John’s-Chapel, where we stood, knelt, and sate, (I wont say prayed) the whole service-time ; for you know it is usual there for strangers to sit in the choir, which we did, to the great advantage both of the fan and the snuff-box, which were neither of them long unemployed, during divine service. You know they are great helps to devotion : snuff certainly composes, and a fan may waft a soul to heaven before it is aware.

‘ Mrs.

* Mrs. L—— still perseveres. She gave it out before she had seen her, that Miss B—— was like a cat, which when she found Miss B—— had heard, she wrote a letter to excuse herself, and concluded most emphatically with these words, "No, madam, I am not quite so unbred; it was not I, but common-fame, said you were like a cat." I really think here, that Mrs. L—— topt Mrs. L——'s part. Mr. G—— is still a prude; I see him sometimes, but should be glad to see him oftener. I know no one circumstance, but breach of sincerity, that can ever be a reason with me to slight my friends. If a friend of mine had broke all laws, both human and divine, yet had conspicuously preserved his integrity to me, I should only think myself the more obliged to him, and though I pitied him, would never forsake him first; I should think he had a higher notion of friendship, and that that was the only tie which he dared not violate, for which reason I would not dare to be a greater villain than he. I don't know how this thought came into my head, but you see I was willing to spin it to its full length; if I have gone too far, you must impute it to that rapture of friendship with which I am yours eternally,

* *Oxford.* A. Whistler.*

We shall close our account of these Letters with a singular extract from one written by Mr. Shenstone. We have heard of running for a snock, and cudgelling and grinning for a hat, but never till now of preaching for a hat. We wish the latter part of the passage may gain as much attention as it deserves!

"Some sort of apology I ought to make, that I did not write before; you will therefore please to observe, that I am but just arrived at home; though I left Cheltenham the day after you. I stayed, indeed, to hear Mr. B—— preach a morning sermon; for which I find Mrs. C—— has allotted him the hat, preferably to Mr. C——. Perhaps you may not remember, nor did I hear till very lately, that there is a hat given annually at Cheltenham, for the use of the best foreign preacher, of which the disposal is assigned to Mrs. C——, to her and her heirs for ever. I remember (though I knew nothing of this whilst I was upon the place) I used to be a little misdeemful, that all who preached there had some such premium in their eye. This hat, 'tis true, is not quite so valuable as that of a cardinal, but while it is made a retribution for excellence in so (if properly considered) sublime a function, it is an object for a preacher in any degree. I am sorry, at the same time, to say, that as a *common hat*, merely for its *uses*, it would be an object to too many *country curates*, whose situations and slender incomes too often excite our blushes, as well as compassion. There should be no such thing a *journeyman parson*; it is beneath the dignity of the profession. If we had fewer pluralities in the church, this indecorum might, in a great measure, be abolished."

The Sketch of the Manners, Laws, &c. of the Republic of Venice, though probably added to swell the volume, bespeaks a masterly pencil.

Essays on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism; on Poetry and Music, as they affect the Mind; on Laughter, and ludicrous Composition; on the Utility of classical Learning. By James Beattie, LL. D. 4to. 1l. 1s. boards. Dilly.

THIS edition of Dr. Beattie's works in quarto, owes its existence, we are told, to some persons of distinction in England, who were pleased to express a desire, that the *Essay on Truth* should be printed in a more splendid form than that, in which it had then appeared, so as to ensure profit, as well as honour, to the author. The doctor had some objections to this proposal; but they were obviated by his friends; and he was persuaded to extend his volume to a proper size, by printing, along with the *Essay*, some other pieces, which were thought worthy of publication, though not originally intended for the press.

The first is a *Dissertation on Poetry and Music, as they affect the Mind.*

In this tract he proposes it as a truth in criticism, that the end of poetry is TO PLEASE. 'Verses, he says, if pleasing, may be poetical, though they convey little or no instruction; but verses, whose sole merit is, that they convey instruction, are not poetical.' He adds, 'instruction however, especially in poems of length, is necessary to their perfection, because they would not be perfectly agreeable without it.'

To this opinion it may be objected, that Horace, in a well known verse, declares the end of poetry to be twofold, to please, or to instruct. Dr. Beattie replies: 'To the perfection of dramatic poetry, or, if you please, of poetry in general, both sound morals and beautiful fiction are requisite. But Horace never meant to say, that instruction, as well as pleasure, is necessary to give to any composition the poetical character: or he would not in another place have celebrated, with so much affection and rapture, the melting strains of Sappho, and the playful genius of Anacreon; two authors transcendently sweet, but not remarkably instructive. We are sure, that pathos and harmony, and elevated language, were, in Horace's opinion, essential to poetry; and of these decorations no body will affirm, that instruction is the end, who considers, that the most instructive books in the world are written in plain prose.'

This reasoning, it may be said, has a tendency to degrade the poetical character. In many pieces, we confess, the poet has only amused his reader. But then we can scarcely allow, that we are to form our ideas concerning the end of poetry, from such compositions; which are rather the productions of in-

inferior capacities, or of a sportive imagination, than the efforts of a manly genius. For surely, those performances, in which no kind of instruction is conveyed, must be extremely frivolous :

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

If there can be no *perfection* in poetry, without instruction, as our author seems to acknowledge, then instruction must be the noblest end of poetry, or the ultimate aim of every good poet : otherwise perfection is not his object.

We can indeed have no notion of any tolerable performance being destitute of every thing, that may be called instruction. To open the reader's understanding, to enlarge his ideas, to extend his imagination, to improve his taste, and to bring him acquainted with the works of nature, or the operations of the human heart, are different modes of instruction, not only perfectly consistent with poetry, but, one or other, absolutely necessary in every poem, and of much greater importance than the mere embellishments of style. From hence we are led to conclude, that instruction, as well as pleasure, is necessary to give to any composition the poetical character, or at least a character of consequence in the poetical world.

In ascertaining the standard of poetical invention, our author says : ' We neither expect nor desire, that every human invention, where the end is only to please, should be an exact transcript of real existence. It is enough, that the mind acquiesce in it as probable, or plausible, or such as we think might happen, without any direct opposition to the laws of nature. Or, to speak more accurately, it is enough, that it be consistent, either, first, with general experience ; or, secondly, with popular opinion ; or, thirdly, that it be consistent with itself, and connected with probable circumstances.

The last of these positions he illustrates by the following ingenious remarks :

' Caliban, in the *Tempest*, would have shocked the mind as an improbability, if we had not been made acquainted with his origin, and seen his character displayed in a series of consistent behaviour. But when we are told that he sprung from a witch and a demon, a connection not contrary to the laws of Nature, as they were understood in Shakespeare's time, and find his manners conformable to his descent, we are easily reconciled to the fiction. In the same sense, the Lilliputians of Swift may pass for probable beings ; not so much because we know that a belief in pygmies was once current in the world, (for the true ancient pygmy was at least thrice as tall as those whom Gulliver visited), but because we find, that every circumstance relating to them accords with itself, and with their supposed character. It is not the

the size of the people only that is diminutive; their country, seas, ships, and towns, are all in exact proportion; their theological and political principles, their passions, manners, customs, and all the parts of their conduct, betray a levity and littleness perfectly suitable: and so simple is the whole narration, and apparently so artless and sincere, that I should not much wonder, if it had imposed (as I have been told it has) upon some persons of no contemptible understanding. The same degree of credit may perhaps for the same reasons be due to his giants. But when he grounds his narrative upon a contradiction to nature; when he presents us with rational brutes, and irrational men; when he tells us of horses building houses for habitation, milking cows for food, riding in carriages, and holding conversations on the laws and politics of Europe; not all his genius (and he there exerts it to the utmost) is able to reconcile us to so monstrous a fiction: we may smile at some of his absurd exaggerations; we may be pleased with the energy of style, and accuracy of description, in particular places; and a malevolent heart may triumph in the satire: but we can never relish it as a fable, because it is at once unnatural and self-contradictory. Swift's judgement seems to have forsaken him on this occasion: he wallows in nastiness and brutality; and the general run of his satire is downright defamation. Lucian's *True History* is a heap of extravagancies put together without order or unity, or any other apparent design, than to ridicule the language and manner of grave authors. His ravings, which have no better right to the name of Fable, than a hill of rubbish has to that of palace, are destitute of every colour of plausibility. Animal trees, ships sailing in the sky, armies of monstrous things travelling between the sun and moon on a pavement of cobwebs, rival nations of men inhabiting woods and mountains in a whale's belly,—are liker the dreams of a bedlamite, than the inventions of a rational being.

It may not be improper to remark, as an apology for Lucian, that the *True History* is a title ironically applied; that it is a whimsical romance in ridicule of Iambulus, Ctesias, and others, who had imposed upon the world many improbable stories, and descriptions of things, which never existed; and that a consistent fable would not have answered his purpose so effectually, as a collection of extravagances.

Poetry, continues this writer, exhibits a system of nature somewhat different from the reality of things.

Homer, no doubt, took his characters from the life; or at least, in forming them, was careful to follow tradition as far as the nature of his plan would allow. But he probably took the freedom to add or heighten some qualities, and take away others; to make Achilles, for example, stronger, perhaps, and more impetuous, and more eminent for filial affection, and Hector

more

more patriotic and more amiable, than he really was. If he had not done this, or something like it, his work would have been rather a history than a poem: would have exhibited men and things as they were, and not as they might have been; and Achilles and Hector would have been the names of individual and real heroes; whereas, according to Aristotle, they are rather to be considered as two distinct modifications or species of the heroic character.—Shakespeare's account of the cliffs of Dover comes so near the truth, that we cannot doubt of its having been written by one who had seen them: but he who takes it for an exact historical description, will be surprised when he comes to the place, and finds those cliffs not half so lofty as the poet had made him believe. An historian would be to blame for such amplification: because, being to describe an individual precipice, he ought to tell us just what it is; which if he did, the description would suit that place, and perhaps no other in the whole world. But the poet means only to give an idea of what such a precipice may be; and therefore his description may perhaps be equally applicable to many such chalky precipices on the sea-shore.

In the next chapter the author treats of poetical characters, and makes the following very ingenious observations on the character of Achilles, which has been generally misunderstood and misrepresented. The classical reader will be obliged to us for this quotation.

‘Of all poetical characters, the Achilles of Homer seems to me the most exquisite in the invention, and the most highly finished. The utility of this character in a moral view is obvious; for it may be considered as the source of all the morality of the *Iliad*. Had not the generous and violent temper of Achilles determined him to patronise the augur Calchas in defiance of Agamemnon, and afterwards, on being affronted by that vindictive commander, to abandon for a time the common cause of Greece;—the fatal effects of dissension among confederates, and of capricious and tyrannical behaviour in a sovereign, would not have been the leading moral of Homer's poetry; nor could Hector, Sarpedon, Eneas, Ulysses, and the other amiable heroes, have been brought forward to signalize their virtues, and recommend themselves to the esteem and imitation of mankind.

‘They who form their judgment of Achilles from the imperfect sketch given of him by Horace in the *Art of Poetry* *; and consider him only as a hateful composition of anger, revenge, fierceness, obstinacy, and pride, can never enter into the views of Homer, nor be suitably affected with his narration. All these vices are no doubt, in some degree, combined in Achilles; but they are tempered with qualities of a different sort, which render

* *Vers. 127, 128.*

him a most interesting character, and of course make the *Iliad* a most interesting poem. Every reader abhors the faults of this hero; and yet, to an attentive reader of Homer, this hero must be the object of esteem, admiration, and pity; for he has many good as well as bad affections, and is equally violent in all:—nor is he possessed of a single vice or virtue, which the wonderful art of the poet has not made subservient to the design of the poem, and to the progress and catastrophe of the action; so that the hero of the *Iliad*, considered as a poetical personage, is just what he should be, neither greater nor less, neither worse nor better.—He is every where distinguished by an abhorrence of oppression, by a liberal and elevated mind, by a passion for glory, and by a love of truth, freedom, and sincerity. He is for the most part attentive to the duties of religion; and, except to those who have injured him, courteous and kind: he is affectionate to his tutor Phoenix; and not only pities the misfortunes of his enemy Priam, but in the most soothing manner administers to him the best consolation that poor Homer's theology could furnish. Though no admirer of the cause in which his evil destiny compels him to engage, he is warmly attached to his native land; and, ardent as he is in vengeance, he is equally so in love to his aged father Peleus, and to his friend Patroclus. He is not luxurious like Paris, nor clownish like Ajax; his accomplishments are princely, and his amusements worthy of a hero. Add to this, as an apology for the vehemence of his anger, that the affront he had received was (according to the manners of that age) of the most atrocious nature; and not only unprovoked, but such as, on the part of Agamemnon, betrayed a brutal insensibility to merit, as well as a proud, selfish, ungrateful, and tyrannical disposition. And though he is often inexcusably furious; yet it is but justice to remark, that he was not naturally cruel*; and that his wildest outrages were such as in those rude times might be expected from a violent man of invincible strength and valour, when exasperated by injury, and frantic with sorrow.—Our hero's claim to the admiration of mankind is indisputable. Every part of his character is sublime and astonishing. In his person, he is the strongest, the swiftest, and most beautiful of men;—this last circumstance, however, occurs not to his own observation, being too trivial to attract the notice of so great a mind. The Fates had put it in his power, either to return home before the end of the war, or to remain at Troy:—if he chose the former, he would enjoy tranquillity and happiness in his own country to a good old age; if the latter, he must perish in the bloom of his youth:—his affection to his father and native country, and his hatred to Agamemnon, strongly urged him to the first; but a desire to avenge the death of his friend determines him to accept the last, with all its consequences. This at once displays the greatness of his fortitude, the warmth of his

* See *Iliad* xxi. 100. and xxiv. 485—673.

friend.

friendship, and the violence of his sanguinary passions: and it is this that so often and so powerfully recommends him to the pity, as well as admiration, of the attentive reader. — But the magnanimity of this hero is superior, not only to the fear of death, but also to prodigies, and those too of the most tremendous import. I allude to the speech of his horse Xanthus, in the end of the nineteenth book, and to his behaviour on that occasion; and I shall take the liberty to expatiate a little upon that incident, with a view to vindicate Homer, as well as to illustrate the character of Achilles.

The incident is marvellous, no doubt, and has been generally condemned even by the admirers of Homer; yet to me who am no believer in the infallibility of the great poet, seems not only allowable, but useful and important. That this miracle has probability enough to warrant its admission into Homer's poetry, is fully proved by Madame Dacier. It is the effect of Juno's power; which if we admit in other parts of the poem, we ought not to reject in this: and in the poetical history of Greece, and even in the civil history of Rome, there are similar fables, which were once in no small degree of credit. But neither M. Dacier, nor any other of the commentators, (so far as I know), has taken notice of the propriety of introducing it in this place, nor of its utility in raising our idea of the hero. — Patroclus was now slain; and Achilles, forgetting the injury he had received from Agamemnon, and frantic with revenge and sorrow, was rushing to the battle, to satiate his fury upon Hector and the Trojans. This was the critical moment on which his future destiny depended. It was still in his power to retire, and go home in peace to his beloved father and native land, with the certain prospect of a long and happy, though inglorious, life: if he went forward to the battle, he might avenge his friend's death upon the enemy, but his own must inevitably happen soon after. This was the decree of Fate concerning him, as he himself very well knew. But it would not be wonderful, if such an impetuous spirit should forget all this, during the present paroxysm of his grief and rage. His horse, therefore, miraculously gifted by Juno for that purpose, after expressing, in dumb show, the deepest concern for his lord, opens his mouth, and in human speech announces his approaching fate. The fear of death, and the fear of prodigies, are different things; and a brave man, though proof against the one, may yet be overcome by the other. "I have known a soldier (says Addison) that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon *." But Achilles, of whom we already knew that he feared nothing human, now shows, what we had not as yet been informed of, and what must therefore heighten our idea of his fortitude, that he is not to be terrified or moved, by

* Spectator, Numb. 12.

the view of certain destruction, or even by the most alarming prodigies. I shall quote Pope's Translation, which in this place is equal, if not superior, to the original.

“ Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies tied,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief replied,
With unabated rage: “ So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate;—to die, to see no more
My much-loved parents, and my native shore.
Enough:—when Heaven ordains, I sink in night.—
Now perish, Troy.” He said, and rush'd to fight.”

[*To be continued.*]

*An Essay on Journal-Poetry. With a Specimen by the rev. —
Fleming, Prebendary, and afterwards Dean of Carlisle. In a
Letter to the rev. Erasmus Head, Prebendary of the same Church.
Written about the Year 1740. By Edward Tatham. Small
8vo. 2s. Richardson and Urquhart.*

BY Journal-poetry the author means a poetical account of the incidents, which occur in a journey, or a short excursion. Horace has left us a specimen of this species of poetry in his fifth satire, which is a description of his journey from Rome to Brundisium. But this writer considers that piece as a rude and unfinished performance.

• Horace and his companions, he says, were relieved from the tedium and fatigue of their journey by those low-lived ridiculous scenes he represents, and the poet took the hint to consign them to posterity by virtue of his art. Let it do sufficient honour to the name of Horace that he was the inventor of this branch of poetry. No one of the least pretensions to improved taste will defend his Journal as a piece of elegant poetry addressing the finer affections and producing a serious rational pleasure. It is rude, low-lived, and indelicate, and greatly inferior to his more elegant productions, it is a disgrace to the name of poetry.

“ Horati quis tam fautor inepte est
Ut non hoc fateatur ? ”

• It is classed among his Satires, but I confess I could never see the propriety of calling it a satire unless we may consider it as one on himself and fellow travellers, the great Mæcenas, Cocceius, Fonteius, Plotius, Varius, and Virgil, men of the most distinguished eminence for taste in the Roman history, and engaged on the important embassy of reconciling two of the greatest personages and most ensanguined enemies in the world.

If

If we may view the composition in this light it is the severest satire he ever wrote.—Truly these accomplished gentlemen travelled in elegant style—These polite companions were highly entertained.—How were they diverted and charmed upon the road with the scenes and incidents that occurred?—

“ Prorsus jucunde cœnam produximus illam.”

—But what was still more fortunate they had a poet in company to sing the glories of the journey, to repeat the enjoyment, and hand it down to others. Nothing but the burthen and distress of travel uneasy to be relieved at any rate can take off the edge of the satire which the poet has so dexterously sharpened against himself and his companions.

‘ No art or subdivision of art was scarce ever carried to any degree of perfection by its inventor. The difficulty and novelty of invention is sufficient for one man. Improvement and perfection must be derived from the labours of many. Original invention in the arts and sciences is generally the child of chance or a lucky hit-off. This seems to have been the case with Horace's Journal. He did not even make a second attempt, or perhaps ever considered the nature and capability of this new branch of poetry. Had this great genius cultivated and refined his invention we might have expected something greater from his pen, and the succeeding tribe of imitators had profited by his labours. He was not the inventor of odes which are the flower of his works, though he brought them to perfection. He had Pindar and all the Grecian bards as models to improve upon. He invented the Journal, and if he has been less successful in it this single consideration is sufficient to exculpate his character, and, we hope, to reconcile his admirers.

‘ The fault lies on succeeding poets who received it from his hands and transmitted it from one to another without any improvement. Indeed after Horace's day, the elegant arts declined at Rome, so that it had not much time to receive advances from the ancients; and the plan on which the moderns cultivated them after the revival of letters was too servile and contracted to admit of any. Thus the Journal remains pretty much at this day in the same state in which Horace left it, though it has perhaps been as much hackneyed as any other kind of writing, which is at once a convincing argument how blindly the artists of modern date have been attached to imitation, and how little they have aspired to real improvement. Hence it is that this species of poetry capable of the greatest delicacy, is sordid and indecent; though it might be made productive of sober refined and rational pleasure, it is in general prof-

prostituted to ridicule and buffoonery, and has not even a claim to the title of *ludicrous*.'

Though we do not entertain so despicable an opinion of Horace's poetical Journal, as Mr. Tatham, yet we readily allow, that this species of poetry is capable of much higher refinement. Travelling opens a fruitful and extensive field to the imagination, and presents to it many beautiful objects, and pleasing occurrences, which may be set off with the most enchanting ornaments of style; as the plain and simple pursuits and amusements of shepherds, and the natural charms of the country, may be agreeably represented in pastoral poetry.

' From the nature of the Journal, says our author, it is plain it will not admit of continued imagery, lengthened simile, or well-continued metaphor; its ornaments should be small, striking, and delicate. It is not to be considered as a work where a single beauty is uniformly prosecuted through several stages to perfection, where all the particular pieces of ornament have a keeping among themselves, are subordinate and conspire with the general plan; but as a collection of detached beauties thrown together with easy negligence.

' There is no species of poetry more generally pleasing than descriptive. This in all its variety can never be introduced with more propriety or a better grace than in the Journal. But it should so far comply with the nature of this composition as to be simple, concise, exact, yet adorned, which requires the hand of no vulgar artist. Long descriptions are tedious and would engross too much of the poem to themselves.

' Humour, provided it be delicate and fine, can scarcely be too lavishly employed in the Journal. It is the natural entertainment of the traveller on the road, and cannot fail to divert the reader in his chamber especially when introduced in a poetical dress,

' A thousand little incidents and trifling adventures which occur to the Journalist, may by the magic of poetry be converted into a variety of beauties addressing the lively and less interesting affections, and which are admirably adapted to the genius of this delicate sort of writing.

' Even the graver and more serious affections may be occasionally touched with the utmost propriety and often to the greatest advantage. Variety is the life and spirit of the Journal.

' But whatever is calculated to please, enliven, entertain, or operate agreeably on any of the affections, and can be made delicate and concise, is a suitable ornament for this species of poetry. The poetical Journal has no possible merit unless it please. It may instruct, provided the instruction can put on a poetical

poetical dress and be concise: but thus only that it may the more effectually please.

'The style should be adapted to the manners. It should be free easy and elegant, and in general lifted a little above the tone of the narrative in conversation. In the poetical parts it will swell with the muse and sink again to its natural tone.'

The piece of journal poetry, which occasioned this Essay, was copied verbatim from an original letter, found in the library of the late Mr. Head, prebendary of Carlisle, which had been sent him from Scarborough by the late reverend Mr. Fleming, son of bishop Fleming, a brother-prebendary, and afterwards dean of Carlisle.

The following extract will give our readers a sufficient idea of this extempore sketch.

'First then from Rose * I issu'd forth

And reach the beauty of the north

Dear Rydal, whose romantic hills,

And gloomy walks, and gurgling rills

Would equal Studley's pleasing view

If pensil'd out by Buck or you.

Here blest with aunt and cousins three

I spent two days with merry glee.

'From thence to Dallam-Tower I rode

With thoughts of——all that's dear and good.

But hold—I've something more to say—

My heart went pit-pat all the way—

At last defying fear and care

I enter'd with intrepid air.

'What happen'd there I think it better

To tell you private, not by letter.

Howe'er you'll judge I lik'd the feast

For here I stay'd a week at least.

Yet oft with sighs and aching heart

I took my leave loath to depart.

At length t'avoid a town's discourses

I resolutely call'd for horses,

And mounting took my last command

When Dolly wav'd her lilly hand.'

The author describes the incidents, which occurred in his journey from hence to Kirby Lonsdale, Settle, Skipton, &c. and thus proceeds:

'To Otley next we took our rout,

Fam'd for its calves and speckled trout.

* Rose castle.

' From thence up Chiven's rock we breath
 Charm'd with the pleasant vale beneath,
 Where rivers, pastures, woods, and vills,
 At once the ravish'd eye so fills,
 That had I Pope's or Denham's skill
 Windsor should yield, or Cooper's-hill.

' Forward to Kirkstall then we press,
 Emblem of greatness in distress.
 Here spacious vault and lofty tower
 Declare the monkish pride and power;
 Here shatter'd roof and tott'ring wall
 Confess that pride must have a fall.
 Sad change! from friars deck'd with cowls
 To croaking ravens, foxes, owls;
 Yet, spite of Harry's dreadful law,
 The view commands such sacred awe,
 That infidels themselves revere
 That God who long was worship'd here.

' Struck with the scene we spur our steeds
 And fix our station next at Leeds.
 Blest town! where flocks their tribute bring
 To cloath the beggar and the king;
 Where love and loyalty are join'd,
 And peace with industry combin'd;
 Where commerce every street doth grace,
 And plenty smiles in every face.'

We have extended this article beyond the limits which we usually assign to a small pamphlet, on account of the subject, that is in some respects new, and worthy of a little farther investigation. We can have no doubt, but that an ingenious poet may produce something admirable in this way, when we consider what fertility of imagination, and what beautiful variety of description, Homer has displayed in relating the travels of Ulysses, or even in the catalogue of the Grecian ships.

The History of England, from the Revolution to the present Time, in a Series of Letters to the rev. Dr. Wilson. By Catharine Macaulay. 4to. Vol. I. 15s. boards. Dilly.

ON what account Mrs. Macaulay has changed her narrative from the direct historical to the epistolary form, we shall not determine. Her reason, perhaps, was, that, by relating the transactions of later times in a familiar style, they might be placed in a light less important, and therefore more suitable to the idea which the writer entertained of the motives whence

whence they derived their origin. Or, it may be, that, disgusted with the insipidity of modern politics, she imagined nothing could animate her researches so much, as keeping constantly in her eye a person who was not only an avowed abettor of her principles, but had a peculiar claim to her attention, from the compliment which he lately paid to our fair historian, by erecting a statue of her, while alive, in one of those mansions from which, in this country, every representation even of the living God is excluded. But without enquiring into the mutual sympathy so conspicuous between those Platonic lovers, let us proceed to the consideration of the work. It may, however, be proper to lay before our readers the character here drawn of the reverend Dr. Wilson, rector of St. Stephen's Walbrook, and prebendary of Westminster, that our readers may judge of Mrs. Macaulay's impartiality and discernment, qualifications so essentially requisite in a faithful writer of history.

'The virtues of your character, it must be owned, afford an ample field for literary eloquence: a detail of filial piety in instances the most trying to human fortitude; the supporting an independent temper and conduct in the midst of the servile depravities of a court; the almost singular instance of warm patriotism united to the clerical character; your moderation in every circumstance of indulgence which regards yourself, whilst you are lavishing thousands on the public cause, and to enlarge the happiness of individuals; the exemplary regularity of your life; your patience and fortitude, and even cheerfulness, under the infirmities of a weak and tender constitution; and, lastly, the munificent favors you have conferred on me, are subjects of sufficient power to animate the dullest writer; but these are subjects, my friend, which I am convinced will please every reader better than yourself: and as the love of your country and the welfare of the human race, is the only ruling passion I have ever discerned in your character, I shall avail myself of this inclination, and endeavor to fix your attention by the interesting detail of those causes and circumstances, which have insensibly led us from the airy height of imaginary security, prosperity, and elevation, to our present state of danger and depravity.'

Our historian, consistently with her prejudice against monarchical government, begins with displaying the insecure state in which public freedom was left even at the glorious epoch of the Revolution; but it is evident from this recital, that her idea of liberty extends to the abolition of such prerogatives in the crown, as are totally inseparable from its nature, considered as an executive power, and an efficient balance to the two other estates of the nation. The English constitution, it will be

granted, was not improved by this event to that degree of perfection which might have resulted from more mature deliberations, and such as were not distracted by the jarring factions of those times; but the historian, doubtless, carries her impeachment too far, when she ventures to pronounce, that, instead of public liberty being firmly established by the Revolution, its destruction was actually accomplished. This bold proposition Mrs. Macaulay seems chiefly to found upon the introduction of a standing army which took place in the subsequent reign. Must it not be admitted, however, that the offensive capacity of the other states of Europe, rendered such a measure necessary for the protection of these kingdoms? With respect to the establishment of the public funds, we agree with this historian, that they tend to the corruption of the people; though these also had their origin in political expediency.

The following are Mrs. Macaulay's observations on the conduct of the sovereign whose reign she has principally marked with those inauspicious innovations.

‘ Candor must acknowledge, that the total corruption of whig principle reflects as much dishonour on the Sovereign as it does on the party. But without entering into a minute description of the conduct and character of William, we will, my friend, compare his opportunities, with the use he made of them; and we shall in some measure be enabled to judge, whether public good or private interest, virtue or ambition, had the strongest influence over his mind.

‘ Placed at the head of his native country, as the last hopes of his safety from a foreign yoke, and raised to the throne of England, under the name of her deliverer from civil tyranny and religious persecution, it must be acknowledged, that fortune did her utmost towards exalting her favorite, William, to the first rank of respectable characters; but the great authority which this Prince obtained over the Dutch, on the merit of preserving them from the yoke of France, he in many instances used in a manner inconsistent with the rights of a free state; and, instead of establishing their republican liberty on a permanent basis, he laid the foundation for that monarchical power, which is to this day exercised by his successors.

‘ Success, which ever enlarges the noble mind, shrunk William's to all the littleness of vulgar character. When raised to imperial dignity by the efforts of the whigs, for the generous purpose of enlarging and securing liberty, he abandoned his benefactors, and entered into dishonest intrigues with the tories, in order to increase the influence and extend the power of the crown; nor did he ever quarrel with these
avowed

avowed enemies to civil and religious freedom, till they opposed measures which tended to the manifest disadvantage, if not to the ruin of their country.

' Ambitious of being considered as the arbiter of the fate of Europe, and anxious for the safety and prosperity of the Dutch, William ruined the finances of England, by engaging her in two long and expensive wars. By the means of profuse and extensive bribery, he obtained from the Commons what Charles the Second could never obtain from the wickedest parliament with which England had been ever cursed, namely, a standing army, and a landed debt; a circumstance which rendered our deliverer so tenacious of corrupt influence, that he twice refused his assent to a bill for triennial parliaments, and never would give his consent to an act for limiting the number of placemen and pensioners.

' I have now related to you, my friend the remarkable parts of the policy and conduct of William after his accession to the throne of England; and I believe you will not find it a difficult matter to determine the questions, Whether public good or private interest, virtue or ambition, had the strongest influence over his mind? and, whether he has the saviour and deliverer of this country, or the subverter of the remaining sound principles he found in the constitution?

William, however, is not the only prince whose measures are reprobated by the historian; for in treating of the period subsequent to the accession of the house of Hanover, when public freedom is supposed to have been farther confirmed, she uses this remarkable expression, ' that for every law of the constitution, if there are any which yet remain unviolated, we are entirely indebted to the moderation or the timidity of our governors.'

With whatever degree of justice the historian may disapprove of septennial parliaments, against which she seems to have a hereditary aversion, we cannot accede to her opinion, in considering the introduction of courts-martial as any violation of liberty.

The portrait with which we are presented of George I. is sufficiently candid, and we quote it only with the view of pointing out the inaccuracy of the expression, in making an agent of the *medium* of party; to which we shall add what occurs in a few other places, viz. the *lure of gain*.

' You know, my friend, that I have totally rejected the invidious task of giving characters: in the history of these modern times, I cannot submit to the drudgery of culling panegyric from addresses or birth-day odes; and other researches might lead me into dangerous paths. The medium of party undoubtedly viewed the political conduct of George the First

as coloured by the prejudices of the eye through which it was surveyed; but whatever might be the virtues, vices, or errors of his political conduct, he was liked, and even loved by the individuals who had the honor of a familiar conversation with him, and was generally regarded by those who do not examine closely or critically into the nature of virtue and vice, or the motives and principles of human conduct, as a man who had an honest heart, and whose faults in his government, if there are any faults to be found, were entirely owing to the suggestions of a venal ministry, who, having neither sufficient virtue, or sufficient understanding, to govern parties by the confidence which these great qualities give, their power and influence were solely grounded on corruption.'

This volume, consisting of Six Letters, comprises the history of England from the Revolution to the end of sir Robert Walpole's ministry; a period distinguished not only by many splendid achievements in war, but by an almost continual series of domestic factions and intrigues. Our historian has very properly declined giving a minute detail of the former of those events, but she has developed the latter with greater precision, if indeed she does not, on some occasions, exaggerate the unfavourable representation both of men and measures, with too prejudiced a hand. Her observations, however, are frequently both judicious and liberal; and, excepting a few digressions, with the apostrophes addressed to her *excellent friend*, she displays the same spirit and elevation as in her History; which, we are informed by an advertisement, she is continuing, from the Reformation to the Revolution, in historical detail.

Letters from Portugal, on the late and present State of that Kingdom.
8vo. 1s. Almon.

SINCE the publication of the well known *Letters upon the present State of Poland*, which deservedly gained much credit, the press has been teeming with letters upon the present state of almost every nation now existing. Though these Letters would perhaps have never seen the light but for the success of those we have first mentioned, yet it must be confessed that they are not without their merit. They appear to be written by one, who, in addition to tolerable information, possesses an easy pen.

The writer of these Letters confirms us in an opinion which we have long entertained, that the administration of the Marquis de Pombal deserves as much praise as it has, since his retreat from power, been loaded with execration. That the despotic minister of a despotic court should, in a country like this,

where the meanest subject is free, and the most ignorant a politician, be branded as a tyrant—that Englishmen, those at least whose souls, in spite of all the liberty they boast, are still confined and narrow, should hate the name of Portugal—are facts which will surprise those only who have not enlarged their minds by experience, and expanded their ideas by observation. England, which at this moment talks of its freedom, has seen its days of despotism, and in those days has produced despotic ministers: it is the natural growth of the soil.—As well express your surprize at the vineyards of Oporto, as wonder to behold upon the banks of the Tagus an absolute minister—that hardy plant, which is not to be nourished by all the richness of a free country; which is the only shrub that thrives amid the barren stormy desert of a despotic government.

The minister who broke the pride of the nobility, and overturned the tyranny of the church, could expect little mercy at the enraged hands of the clergy or the nobles. Fixing their short-sighted eyes only upon what they narrowly deemed their own private injuries, but which in truth were public benefits, they entirely overlooked the services which he had rendered to their country—the height to which he had carried its arts, its commerce, its manufactures; the weight which he had given to it in the scale of Europe; the abilities with which he had raised it from the ruins of conflagration, with which he had defended it from the perils of war—and the firmness and intrepidity with which he had rescued and fortified against future assassination the life of their sovereign, whom their intrigues had endeavoured mentally to enslave, and their cabals finally to destroy.

It is not singular that such a character, in such a country as Portugal, did not acquire the reputation it deserved. We are not to wonder that the clergy and the nobility endeavoured to ruin the marquis de Pombal while he remained in power, or that they continued to propagate every falshood of him and his government as soon as he had retired to his beloved quiet of a private life—to this retirement the great man of whom we have spoken betook himself the moment of his master's death. That master was succeeded by a weak and timid female, who was perhaps fearful about the stability of her throne, if she showed any favour to a man whose virtues had irritated against them so many of her subjects.

If Pombal be really the murderous minister which some have painted him, is it not singular, that he has not fallen a victim to that despotism which he so misused? Pombal is still living in peace, and in more happiness than he enjoyed as minister—and his character, both as a man and a politician, every hour gains new admirers.—Above all, the memory of his administration

should not be blackened by Englishmen. If ever the minister of a foreign court could be called an English minister, the marquis de Pombal deserved that contradictory appellation. Those of our countrymen who trade to Portugal will bear witness to the truth of this assertion.

Thus much we have been led to say of the late Portuguese prime minister, from a perusal of this well-written pamphlet, and from what has chanced to fall within our own knowledge of his administration. These Letters go more fully into his private as well as public character, and adduce proofs which place that character beyond the reach of calumny.

The last two or three letters speak of the American dispute for boundaries between the two crowns of Spain and Portugal, which is not explained so clearly as we could wish.—This dispute is not yet settled; nations do not finish quarrels so expeditiously as individuals;—bulky bodies are moved with the greatest difficulty.

A Letter to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, on national Defence: With some Remarks on Dr. Smith's Chapter on that Subject, in his Book entitled, 'An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.' 8vo. 1s. 6d. Murray.

THIS Letter relates to the establishment of a militia in Scotland, a measure which the author clearly proves would be highly advantageous to both the united kingdoms. A bill for this purpose has twice been brought into parliament, first in the year 1760, and again in 1776, but was rejected each time. With respect to its fate in the latter of those periods the writer observes, that

‘The pretence on which the bill was thrown out of parliament, and which induced so many of the English members to act on that occasion, against their avowed principles for a militia, was its not containing a clause, ordaining the funds for the support of the militia of Scotland, to be raised by a tax on the respective counties. A pretence founded on manifest injustice, because the militia of England has been, ever since its institution, supported out of the common funds of both kingdoms; for though their pay and other expences are drawn immediately from the receivers general of the land tax in the respective counties, for the sake of conveniency, yet it is allowed them as part payment of the said tax, in their accompts with the treasury. So that never was there an argument more absurd formed, than that on which the rejection of the Scotch militia bill was founded; but it answered the purpose of the day,

day, which was to make the English members, who in their principles were friendly to a militia, imagine that the Scotch were making an unreasonable demand; and to cool the latter by the fear of an additional land tax, against the express stipulation of the union. Nor was the pretence less inconsiderate and unwise, than it was unjust; because whatever internal defence shall be thought necessary for the peace and security of Scotland, will prove an additional strength to the whole kingdom, and guard the wealth and liberties of all.

After refuting in the most satisfactory manner the various objections that have been made against a militia in general, and particularly against the establishment of such a defence in Scotland, the author thus remonstrates, in behalf of the Scots, to the members of the legislature for South Britain.

‘Ye generous friends of liberty, and of valour, which is its offspring and its guard! What had our countrymen done, before they tamely endured the vile distinction you made between you and them, what had they done till then to deserve it? Was their fame in martial achievements inferior to that of other nations? Or has their fidelity, when called into exertion by confidence, been unequal to their courage? Did they not in the last war, so glorious for Britain, fight the battles of their king and country, in all the wide regions to which the British conquests extended? Ye shades of departed heroes! is it for your blood so amply shed in the cause of Britain, that distrust and disgrace is entailed on your posterity? Ye sons of so many thousand Scottish who fell in battle, or by climes more fatal than the sword, was this the promise which your fathers made, when they left their native shore never to return? Was this the reward which England, the empress of the main, the queen of commerce, the arbitress of Europe, provided for that valour, by whose aid she conquered in the most distant regions of the world?

‘Tell us, ye sages of the South, ye wise senators, who give laws to so many kindred nations, what interest has North Britain different from yours? Are you not the same people, tied together by the most sacred bonds of union? By mixture of blood through thousands of various streams? By the same legislature and the same laws? By the same blessings, derived through all the channels of civil liberty and political order? By every thing that can incorporate societies of men together? As they are one kingdom with you, can there be a distinction of interest or honour between you? Whatever hurts them, must it not hurt you? Whatever disgraces them, must it not disgrace you? If they are made strong, will not you be strengthened? If they become weak, will not you be enfeebled? If they are conquered or enslaved by a foreign power,

power, or an ambitious prince, will not your sovereignty or freedom be in danger.

Steady and united they have constantly supported the claims of Great Britain against America, though you bitterly reproached them for it: whilst you till of late, deceived and misled by popular demagogues, were willing to yield to all the unjust demands of the colonies. They have surpassed you in adherence to the constitution, let them not outdo you in generosity! In spite of all the insults, abuse, and contempt which you have poured upon them; no sooner have the disasters of war humbled your pride, alarmed your fears, and made you listen to the voice of reason; than with the true sympathy of blood, and of kindred spirits, they kindle at your danger, and fly to arms for your aid! Yet this is the people whom, in peace and prosperity, you will not trust with arms for their own defence and yours! This is the very people, who have paid their proportion for the militia of England for these twenty years past; and yet against whom you stated with a minuteness, which was as much beneath you as the injustice of it, the inequality of the land tax; that tax which was settled for ever by the solemn covenant of the union. Time will teach you, it is to be hoped, that the importance of nations does not depend solely on their wealth, but likewise on the numbers and bravery of the people. For the sake of that liberty which is so dear to you! For the sake of that constitution which is so much your boast! Ye patriot legislators! if ye still deserve the name, seize this opportunity, and form and extend a lasting military establishment over both parts of the united kingdom, for their common security and glory.

The Letter contains a variety of judicious observations on the state of public affairs, and the whole is written in a strain of sentiment equally animated and liberal.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

Oracion Fúnebre, que en las Exéquias, que celebró la Real Academia Española por el Alma del excmo. señor Duque de Alba, su difunto Director el Día 3 de Enero de 1777 en la real Iglesia Oratorio del Salvador de este Corte dixo D. Joseph Vela Doctor en sagrada Teologia. 4to. Madrid.

THE sermon before us gives us a higher idea of the eloquence of the pulpit in Spain, than we have been taught by the greater part of Europe, for many years back, to conceive. The extraordinary talents of the eminent personage, who is the subject of this piece, and the masterly manner in which it is handled, equally claim

claim our applause. Don Vela, we are told, is a clergyman no less distinguished for his public and private virtues, than for the Attic taste and elegance of his discourses as well as writings, and being master of the purest idiom of the Castilian tongue, (in the reformation of which the Spanish academy, of which the doctor is a member, has made a rapid progress) he has been able to delineate the heroic virtues of the duke of Alba in their proper colours, and to enrich and adorn the Spanish language.

He takes his text from chap. i. verse 16. of Ecclesiastes, 'Behold I am raised high . . . and have found that even here there is nothing but labour and affliction of spirit.' From which the preacher draws the most pathetic as well as eloquent inferences on the frailty and emptiness of all sublunary glory. His patriotic principles, at the beginning of his exordium, are not unworthy the breast of an Athenian or Roman citizen in their meridian splendor; at the same time that they breathe the true spirit of the humble Christian law. 'God, says our orator, created all things in the most concerted order and subordination. Behold the heavens! see what stupendous magnificence! The circumvolutions of those immense bodies, without confusion or interruption, tending to some useful end, bringing about the alternate seasons of the year, with their various fruits and flowers. Behold the whole inanimate creation, not one disjointed fibre or hair! all answering some wise purpose of the great Creator. His wise designs as perfect in the meanest reptile as in the angels and seraphs that surround his throne!

'This perfect order and oeconomy which Providence has displayed in the inanimate creation, he designs as a model for the government of states and empires; where each member is meant as subordinate, in his respective place, to promote the good of the whole. And whosoever, through idleness, dissipation, or vice, refuses to apply each talent to advance the welfare and happiness of his country, defeats the purpose of his creation as well as the great end of the Christian religion.'

After this the doctor takes a retrospective view of the states of Greece and Rome, and shews these patriotic principles to be the source of their power and glory; and then proceeds to make the most happy application of them to his hero, who employed all his great talents in strengthening the present Spanish government, and finishes the character, by shewing how the duke made all his heroic actions finally subservient to the honour and glory of God, and the sanctification of his own soul. The stile of this sermon, in the beginning is somewhat quaint and affected, but as it proceeds it abounds with pathos and energy; and will ever remain a standing proof how this species of eloquence may flourish under the most absolute monarchical governments.

We shall extract the conclusion as a specimen of the doctor's abilities, and of the progress made by the Spaniards in polite literature.

'Hasta aquí, amados oyentes, he podido seguir con mi tibio y desmayado espíritu los pasos del gran Duque de Alba. Pasaré adelante? Pero como me atreveré yo á entrar en los profundos arcanos de la eternidad? Esperais acaso, que á vista de esta muerte y de sus ilustres despojos, recoja yo el débil aliento que me ha quedado para acordaros la triste necesidad de morir? No, católicos: mas eloquente que mis voces será la vista de ese túmulo, donde está reducida á polvo toda la gloria que el mundo ofrece en la cuna mas oble, en los empleos mas elevados, y en los honores mas distinguidos.

dos. Si los rios grandes se pierden en este abismo ¿donde pararán los arroyos oscuros y sin nombre? Si este fin tienen las grandezas mas elevadas ¿que fin espera una débil porcion de vanidades humanas, que nos ha tocado por herencia, y que es nada á vista de estas soberanías? Siendo las mismas soberanías otra nada, aprendamos, amados oyentes, á no correr tras una vana sombra de felicidad, que va siempre huyendo delante de nuestros ojos: á no edificar habitaciones de barro sobre cimientos de arena, que los vientos derriban, y los torrentes arrebatan, y uniendo nuestros votos con los sufragios que la iglesia ofrece hoy por el alma de nuestro difunto duque, pidamos á Dios, que por su piedad y misericordia le lleve á la compañía de los bienaventurados, adonde por toda una eternidad descansará en paz. Amen.

J. Heinrich Schlegel's, &c. *Dänische Reisebeschreibungen, und andere merkwürdige Handschriften in der Sammlung Dänischer Geschichtsan's Licht gestellt*, &c. *Voyages and Travels, with other remarkable MSS. first published in the Collection of Danish Histories, and now translated.* 8vo. Copenhagen. German.

WE find in this volume, 1. an account of the voyage of a Mr. Ove Giedden, sent out, in 1618, with a squadron to Ceylon and Coromandel, in order to conclude a treaty with the king of Ceylon to erect a fortress on that island, and afterwards to fortify Tranquebar on the coast of Coromandel. This narrative is not very entertaining; the commander's perpetual disputes with his refractory crews, his disobedient officers, and with the Ceylon plenipotentiary, and an obscure treaty concluded at length, but never yet executed, will hardly interest any modern reader. 2. King Christian the Fourth's voyage to Wardhus, as described by his secretary John Carisius; whose account, though authentic, is also not very instructive. The royal squadron, it seems, seized several foreign vessels, and among them some English, merely for being found in Danish harbours. Yet it was one of those English captains that saved the king from the most imminent danger of perishing among rocks and shelves, out of which none of his own seamen were able to extricate him. 3. A minute table of the whole revenue and expenditure of the kingdoms of Denmark and Norway. Their nett ordinary revenue amounted in 1602, to 411,002 rixdollars, the casual to 65,236 more; the expenditure only to 246,667. 4. Christian the Fourth's remarkable minutes and accounts, kept and entered by himself in his memorandum-books of the years 1607, 1608, and 1621. He certainly was a great and strict economist, for here he himself balances every month his receipts and payments, and the balance generally turns out in his own favour. Though he constructed several buildings, purchased many jewels, and even though his famous favourite Christina Munk, at that time returned to him; his oeconomy enabled him to place many considerable sums out at six per cent. interest among his own subjects, and one hundred thousand rixdollars at once, with king James his brother-in-law. His alms, indeed, on a new year's day, amounted to no less than two marks. He frequently made excursions in his dominions, to Schonen especially, and to his German provinces: was fond of gaming, won, and sometimes even lost, considerable sums; dealt in horses; bought a pair of oxen for an hundred dollars; and got 50,000 dollars of the count of Schaumburg for granting him the permission of assuming the title of Holstein.

Über

Über den Druck der Geographischen Charten, nebst beygefüger Probe einer durch die Buchdrucker Kunst gesetzten und gedruckten Land Chart, von Joh. Gottlob Immanuel Breitkopf. On the Art of printing Geographical Maps, with a Specimen of a Map composed and printed by Means of the typographical Art. 4to. (German.)

THE author of this very ingenious performance is a learned and eminent printer at Leipzig, who has enriched his art with some useful and elegant improvements. The specimen he here gives, is a part of Peter Schenk's geographical delineation of the district of Leipzig, without any alteration of the scale. The attempt of thus expressing accurately not only the real situations and exact distances of places, but the winding course and the various sizes of brooks and rivers, must have been liable to many and great difficulties; and yet it has succeeded to a surprising degree. He thinks that schools may, by means of this invention, be furnished with sets of good and neat printed maps, at a very moderate price; and is willing to execute this useful design with Dr. Büsching's assistance.

In order to sound the public with regard to the propriety of this undertaking, and to the price at which he ought to sell the printed maps, he proposes to publish them by subscription; and the surprising accuracy and elegance of his specimen, will, no doubt, procure him an adequate encouragement.

Discours qui a remporté le Prix de l'Académie de Marseille, sur cette Question; 'Quelle a été dans tous les Temps l'Influence du Commerce sur l'Esprit et les Mœurs des Peuples?' 8vo. Paris & Marseille.

WHAT influence has commerce in all ages had on the morals of nations, a question not less interesting than that concerning the effects of sciences and arts on national morals, has as boldly been proposed, as freely answered, and the answer as justly crowned by the academy of Marseilles, as Mr. Rousseau's famous discourse was by the academy of Dijon.

Our author's general purpose sufficiently appears from his motto,

‘Attonitus novitate mali, divesque, miserque,
Effugere optat opes, et quæ modo voverat odit.’ OVID.

He has divided his discourse into two parts. In the first, he establishes his principles; in the second, he supports them by historical facts. He begins with carefully stating the question, and with justly distinguishing the domestic and internal trade, dealing in the necessities of life, and exporting them from one province to another, a trade which he highly commends as the support of agriculture and the spring of circulation, from a foreign, remote, maritime commerce dealing in exotic luxuries, which he as zealously condemns as destructive and fatal to agriculture, to population, and to morals.

To prove the truth of his assertions was no very difficult task. That spirit of calculation and fraud, that sordid avarice, which characterises nations who live by trade, and who subject every other consideration to that primary interest; the state of languor to which Spain and Portugal have been reduced by their American colonies; the continual outrage offered to humanity by the African slave-trade; the enormous inequality of fortunes; the excessive prices put on the arts of luxury; the discouragement of useful arts; the

the insatiable rapacity and the extreme dissolution unavoidably produced by the combination of these various causes, offer no very flattering picture of the influence of commerce on the conduct and fate of nations; and these sentiments he strongly illustrates and enforces by the examples of the nations of antiquity.

From all this, however, he does not conclude, that we *ought* or even *could* at present entirely retract our system, and stop that immense movement by which the most distant nations are attracted towards one another from the extremities of the globe: but he contends that this so general commercial spirit ought to be somewhat checked and confined within reasonable bounds, instead of being so zealously favoured and extended. He is, of course, very far from approving the wishes and attempts of some modern writers, to make noblemen and gentlemen merchants; and his ideas on this head appear to rest on a true knowledge of the character of the French nation. He concludes with the following sensible apostrophe to country gentlemen, and country people.

‘Pour vous, heureux habitans des campagnes, chez qui la nature et les mœurs ont encore un asyle, ne quittez point vos paisibles demeures pour courir après une fortune dont la poursuite vous causeroit mille repentirs avant de l’avoir obtenue, et dont la jouissance ne vous dédommageroit jamais de jours obscurs mais tranquilles que vous lui auriez sacrifié. Sachez vous contenter d’un vie simple et douce, si préférable à la vie inquiète & tumultueuse de nos villes, où la soif des richesses s’est tournée en rage, et l’amour des plaisirs en fureur, & d’où les commerce a banni pour toujours cette considération qu’est la source de toute félicité & le garant de la vôtre.’

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Briani Waltoni in *Biblia Polyglotta Prolegomena*. *Prefatus est*.
D. Jo. Aug. Dathe. 8vo. Lipsiæ.

AS Dr. Walton's instructive Prolegomena were originally prefixed to his voluminous Polyglott Bible, and, from the high price of that work, inaccessible to many readers; the whole apparatus was in 1673, already reprinted at Zurich, in a small folio volume, and published separately by Heidegger, who enriched his edition with Drusus's valuable collection of Hebrew proverbs. As this edition has become scarce, Dr. Dathe has now obliged the public with another correct, commodious, and cheap edition of that useful work, to which he has prefixed a preface, containing many judicious and learned remarks on several of Dr. Walton's opinions.

Memoria epistolare sopra l' Epizootia bovina scopertasi ultimamente in alcuni luoghi della Dalmazia. 8vo. Modena.

In 1775, an epidemical distemper broke out among the horned cattle near Scardona in Dalmatia, and spread to the district of Zara. This induced the board of health at Venice, to send signor Morus, a professor of the veterinary art, with two of his pupils, to that country; whose journey is, together with the nature of the distemper, the curative methods, and their various successes, minutely related in this sensible and useful letter, addressed by signor Antonio Fantini to signor Antonio Arduini.

Apologia per Medici Pavesi, con la Giustificazione di una consulta sopra d' una Atrofia nervosa. 4to. Pavia.

Signor Ign. Monti, the author of this performance, was called from Pavia to Milan to a consultation on a disease of a young married lady, and gave his sentiments and advise on the case, in writing. These were by the ordinary physician of the family published, with some censuring remarks; which prompted Dr. Monti to publish, in his turn, this ample justification of his sentiments and advice. It evinces much medical learning, mixed up with gall and asperity quantum sufficit, or rather more. But the Milanese physician had preserved his credit with the family of the patient, and persisted in his method, and the young and amiable lady unhappily died.

Die Alterthümer Daciens in dem heutigen Siebenbürgen. Aus den Zeiten, als dieses schoene Land die Roemer regierten, auf Befehl und Kosten Ihrer Maj. der Kaiserin gedruckt. The Antiquities of Dacia, in modern Transylvania; from the Times when that fine Country was governed by the Romans. Published at the Command and Expence of her Majesty the Empress Queen. 4to. Vienna. (German.)

The whole of this very splendid work will consist of three parts. It contains a valuable miscellaneous collection of elegant plans of districts, of Roman inscriptions, statues, and a variety of fragments and decorations ingeniously drawn and described by baron de Hohenhausen, a major in the imperial service.

Détail de la nouvelle Direction du Bureau des Nourrices de Paris. . . . Deux Consultations medico-légales relatives à cet objet, & la Réponse de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris à M. M. les Administrateurs de l'Hôpital d'Aix en Provence concernant la Nourriture & le Traitement des Enfans trouvés Malades. Par J. J. Gardane, Médecin du Bureau des Nourrices. 12mo. Paris.

A small book, but from the nature of its contents, worthy the attention of the magistrates and physicians of populous cities.

Les Prôneurs, ou le Tartufe littéraire. Comedie. With 4 Plates. 8vo. Paris.

A very fine and severe satire by Mr. Dorat, on the contemptible ways and means of the Parisian clubs of pretended philosophers and wits, to bepraise each other, and to revile and depreciate every writer who does not belong to their own respective societies.

Mémoire qui a remporté le Prix au Jugement de l'Académie de Dijon, le 18. Août 1776, sur la Question proposée en ces Termes: ' Déterminer qu'elles sont les Maladies dans lesquelles la Médecine agissante est préférable à l'expectante, & celle-ci à l'Agissante, & à quels signes le Medicin reconnoit qu'il doit agir ou rester dans l'Inaction, en Attendant le Moment favorable pour placer les Remèdes.' Par M. Voullone. M. D. 8vo. Avignon.

A more delicate and interesting problem could hardly be proposed in physic than this; nor would it be an easy task to give a more solid, methodical, and satisfactory solution of it than that contained in Dr. Voullone's excellent memoir. It clears up and
fixes

fixes ideas that are of the highest consequence to the life and health of mankind, contains a complete classification of all the diseases, and points out, through all their divisions and subdivisions, what we know of their causes, of the resources of nature for their cure, and of the means which art can successfully apply to the same end. The author discovers every where a great confidence in the effort and resources of nature, and generally prefers expecting to acting physic. His memoir evinces honesty, modesty, prudence, combined with intense reflection and profound skill in theory and practice. As it treats a subject thus generally and essentially interesting in itself, in a spirited, correct, and eloquent style, it ought to be attentively meditated and considered by students of physic as a classical performance.

Del Conduttore elettrico posto nel Campanile di S. Marco in Vinezia Memoria, in cui occasionalmente si ragiona dei Conduttori che possono applicarsi ai Vascelli, ai Magazzini da Polvere, ed altri Edifici. 4to. in Vinezia.

The famous steeple of St. Mark at Venice having often been struck by lightning, the procurators of St. Mark commissioned signor Toaldo, professor at Padua, to guard it against like accidents for the future, by a good conductor. In this short memoir, he relates the manner in which he has acquitted himself of this commission; and treats of the use of conductors in ships, vessels, powder magazines, and other buildings, and of their usefulness in general. One remark may be acceptable and useful to the fair sex, who, though often so much afraid of lightning, increase their dangers by the excessive height of their head-dresses, supported by metal pins, by which the lightning is attracted, which, by a humbler dress, might be avoided: 'Graviori casu decidunt turres, feriuntque summos fulmina montes.' If they cannot, however, be prevailed upon to lower their crests, it were to be wished at least that they might substitute to metal pins, long shell, or ivory pins completely covered with silk, or any other animal substance fit to avoid the electric shock.

Ephemerides Astronomicae Anni 1777, ad Meridianum Mediolanensem supputatae ab Angelo de Cæsaris, accedit Appendix Francisci Reggio. 8vo. Milan.

This third volume of the Astronomical Ephemerides of Milan, contains, besides the usual articles of the almanac and their explanation, several other valuable observations; especially some made by order of the imperial court for determining the longitude and latitude of Cremona and Pavia, by Mess. de Cæsaris and Reggio, and some others made by their correspondents at Paris, Geneva, Padoua, and other places.

Continuation de l'Histoire des Revolutions de Suede, de M. l'Abbé de Vertot. Histoire d'Eric XIV. Roi de Suede, écrite sur les Actes du Temps, par M. Olof Celsius, &c. et traduite du Suedois par M. Genet le Fils, &c. 2 Vols. 12mo. Paris.

Though this work is not equal in point of taste and elegance to that of M. de Vertot, it is valuable for the remarkable facts it contains, and for being drawn up from authentic records.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

P O L I T I C A L.

The Case stated on Philosophical Ground, between Great Britain and her Colonies. 8vo. 2. Kearsly.

THAT the unhappy difference between this country and her colonies has been productive of numerous misfortunes, no one will be found hardy enough to deny. There is a mischief, however, which has not yet been noticed, and which is not the smallest we experience. Englishmen are naturally politicians, from the freedom they enjoy; but, since the beginning of these troubles, Englishmen have been politicians in the fullest sense of the words. Nerone neronior. They have outdone themselves. Our very women and children have scribbled pamphlets, proposed plans of reconciliation, and obligingly come forward to settle the affairs of the nation.

A bill is, at last, before the parliament for the settling of the misunderstanding between Britain and America. May it be attended with all possible success! But there is a charity which we are of opinion should be established by the legislature the moment matters are concluded—an hospital, in which poor ladies and gentlemen whose heads have been turned by considering these affairs, may spend the evening of their days. Such a retreat would screen them from the finger of contempt, and prevent the distemper from spreading among the long-eared cattle.

We hereby certify that the author of ‘*The Case stated on Philosophical Ground*,’ is clearly intitled to claim the closest cell, and the straitest waistcoat.

Considerations on the Present State of Affairs between England and America. 8vo. 1s. Sewell.

This, like every other pamphlet which we have hitherto seen on the present state of affairs, has within these few days become obsolete; and we may therefore consign it to the regions of oblivion, as indeed it deserves.

The delusive and dangerous Principles of the Minority exposed and refuted. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Fielding and Walker.

The author of this pamphlet assumes the signature of *Honestus*; and though we cannot consider him in any important light as a writer, he appears to be a person who means well.

Remarks upon General Howe's Account of his Proceedings on Long-Island. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Fielding and Walker.

We pretend not to interpose our opinion in a case which is cognizable only by a court martial.

The Patriot-Minister: an Historical Panegyric on Michael de l'Hospital, Chancellor of France. Translated from the French. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Durham.

The original of this pamphlet is said to have been suppressed by an order from the court of France, on account of the generous spirit of liberty with which it is animated. The character of the celebrated chancellor l'Hospital is here drawn with such justness and energy of expression as does equal honour to the noble object, and the ingenious author of the panegyric. That the latter should be divested of all partiality in delineating a character so truly venerable, is not to be supposed; but if the virtues of this great minister be in any degree exaggerated, they have at least their foundation in the most genuine histories of those times.

An Address to John Sawbridge, Richard Oliver, Frederick Bull, and George Hayley, Esqrs. Representatives in Parliament for the City of London. With Proposals for the better Regulation of Bankers and Brokers, and for securing the Property of the fair Trader from Swindlers and Sharpers, by restraining, within proper Bounds, public Auctions. Also a Scheme for establishing a Loan Bank. By Walsingham Collins. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.

These proposals are evidently founded on the idea of public utility, and therefore entitled to regard.

M E D I C A L.

Experiments shewing that Volatile Alkali Fluor is the most efficacious Remedy in the Cure of Asphyxies; (or apparent Death by Drowning.) &c. Translated from the French of M. Sage. By Thomas Brand. 8vo. 1s. Bew.

This pamphlet is a translation from the French of M. Sage, which has lately been published abroad, and well received. The medicine here recommended is the volatile alkali disengaged from sal ammoniac by three parts of flaked lime, and named fluor, from its being always in a fluid form. M. Sage produces several cases to confirm its efficacy in the circumstances for which it is advised, by being applied in small quantity to the nostrils, some drops of it mixed with water being likewise introduced by the mouth. The success of this medicine is ascribed to its neutralizing the mephitic, or deleterious acid air, supposed by the author to be the immediate cause of death in persons who are drowned. Upon the same principle of an acid acrimony, he recom-

recommends this remedy also in burns, and the bite of some animals and insects, as well as in the apoplexy. From the testimony which the author has produced of its success, there is reason to expect that it will be diligently applied in the case of drowned persons, especially as it is not meant to supersede the manual resources commonly practised on those occasions.

Observations on the Introduction to the Plan of the Dispensary for General Inoculation. By the hon. Baron T. Dimisdale. 8vo. 2s. Owen.

In these observations baron Dimisdale clearly refutes the erroneous opinion, that the inoculated small-pox are not infectious; and he also evinces beyond a doubt, the danger which may result to the public from the Dispensary for General Inoculation, in consequence of the mistaken idea upon which the plan of that institution is founded.

Two Cases of the Hydrophobia; with Observations on that Disease. By J. Vaughan, M. D. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Robinson.

Those two unfortunate cases confirm the inefficacy of the Ormskirk medicine, as well as of all the other remedies that have been recommended in this dreadful disease; the nature of which, however, seems to be more clearly ascertained by the accurate observations of this author. From both the cases here described, and from the dissection of the patients, we are of opinion with Dr. Vaughan, that there is the strongest reason for concluding the hydrophobia to be a disease not of the inflammatory, but spasmodic kind, and therefore, that blood-letting cannot contribute towards the cure; the possibility of which we wish to see as much evinced by positive, as it has hitherto been opposed by negative evidence.

This pamphlet also contains an account of the Cæsarian operation lately performed at Leicester; which, though executed with dexterity, and the woman was judiciously treated, she did not survive many days.

An Address to the Public. Small 8vo.

This address, which is intended to dissuade from the practice of premature interment, is presented to the public by Mr. Hawes, who, in a reply to Mr. Renwick, explains his opinion concerning the possible recovery of persons apparently dead.

D I V I N I T Y.

A Plain and Scriptural Account of the Lord's Supper, collected from every Passage which occurs in the New Testament on that Subject. 8vo. 1s. Matthews.

The first article in this publication is taken from Hoadly. The second is an etymological explanation of the names of the patri-

patriarchs from Adam to Noah, which the author supposes to contain a series of predictions, pointing out the origin, the fall, and the redemption of mankind; Adam signifying, man or red earth; Seth, set or placed; Enos, in misery, &c. The third is a collection of scripture passages on the natural state of man, the deliverance proposed to sinners, the inability of the natural man to understand the scriptures, the necessity of regeneration, faith being the gift of God, the consequences of rejecting the gospel, 'the unity of the Godhead, or the doctrine of the Three in One,' &c. The production of a—well meaning writer.

A Brief Enquiry into the State after Death, as touching the Certainty thereof; and whether we shall exist in a material or immaterial Substance; and whether the Scripture Doctrine of a future State be supported by the Light of Reason. 8vo. 6d. Printed at Manchester for the Author.

It is no easy matter to ascertain the notions, which are advanced in this pamphlet: we shall therefore give the reader two or three sketches in the author's own words:

'I trust I shall be able to make it manifest, for I reckon, (and obvious both from Scripture and reason) that betwixt the time of our death and the resurrection, is not one unconscious state, as some moderns affirm, but a state of torment, inasmuch as there is nothing to suffer and enjoy but matter.—I observe, that if our existence be derivative from a being prior to nature, that can create and annihilate at pleasure, on such an hypothesis the future state of man is at best contingent and uncertain.—It is evident from the concurrence of scripture and reason, there is no immaterial substance or any dead matter; that miseries and joys are the inseparable consequences of dense and rarified forms; that the grave is the place of torment;—and that we must be rarified by fire, before we can possess a state of happiness, &c.'

This, we apprehend, is enough.

The Proof of the Truth of the Christian Religion, drawn from its successful and speedy Propagation, considered and enforced, in Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, by Thomas Randolph, D.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Rivington.

In these discourses the author gives us a general view of the history of the first publication of the gospel, as it is exhibited in the Acts of the Apostles; and from its speedy and extensive propagation, in opposition to all the passions and prejudices of the Jews and heathens, he evinces the truth and divinity of the Christian religion.

The professor has taken great pains in collecting all those passages from the sacred historian, which throw any light upon the subject. His arguments are not new, but they are fair and conclusive.

A Ser-

A Sermon preached within the Peculiar of Nassington and its Members, in the County of Northampton, in the Month of October, 1777. By the rev. James Ibbetson, D.D. 4to. 1s. White.

‘It is more blessed to give than to receive,’ Acts xx, 35. In discoursing on these words the author recommends the virtues of benevolence and charity, as the sources of the highest pleasure and felicity. From thence he takes occasion to make some remarks on the distresses, which, he tells us, are ready to fall on the poor of four parishes, by an intended enclosure. ‘Some judgement, says he, may be formed of their future calamities from the distress of a poor weaver, who accosted me yesterday in the common fields, with a rueful visage and lamentable voice: “What shall I do, when I am turned out of my little homestead by these barbarous people? I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.”—In the following paragraph he seems to speak still more *feelingly*.

‘View now your own uncultivated farms; lo there the rough thistles, the burs, and the hateful docks, instead of the verdant blades of corn coming up! cast then an eye of pity and indignation upon the glebe lands ready to be parcelled out to others, the tythes abolished after possession of more than half a millenium, the ancient rights annihilated, many valuable interests cancelled and made void, the manors invaded, the endowments of the church, unalienable without the consent of the bishop and impropiator, aliened for ever. I am come to you nevertheless in the spirit of meekness; though persecuted by my superiors, for standing up in my place among the representative body of the clergy in convocation, and asserting the king’s supremacy, which themselves are under the most solemn engagements to maintain and defend; though moreover my freeholds are taken from me by the supremacy of law, in direct opposition to justice and equity and the invariable rule of common law. Did I say the supremacy of law? pardon the solecism, call it what ye will; the ebullition of party zeal, the rant of modern politicians, derogatory to majesty itself; of which they would be thought to have the most profound veneration, yet are real delinquents with respect to the king’s supremacy.’

It is to be hoped, that the enclosures, to which our author alludes, will not be attended with the calamities he seems to forbode. In the present case we do not pretend to judge of circumstances, and private grievances. But, in general, we are inclined to think, that enclosures are calculated to encourage agriculture, and consequently to produce fertility, plenty, and prosperity in the nation. Suppose we were to demolish our enclosures, and convert this island into a common, the inhabitants of the country might indeed have their ‘little homesteads,’ and

the privilege of feeding their cattle, sheep, and geese, without expence; but they would be apt to wear as rueful faces as the weaver, who accosted our author. Instead of well cultivated fields, we should have heaths, decorated with burs and docks, or as an old writer expresses it, thistles instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

P O E T R Y.

The Conquerors. A Poem. 4to. 2s. 6d. Setchel.

This poem seems designed for the perusal of astronomers; there are more *stars* in it than the galaxy contains.—If defamation can only be conveyed by using the party's name, this author does not abuse a single individual—if a star and a dash can do it as well, then has our patriot dashed through thick and thin at every public character in the kingdom—which is not in opposition.

What claim this writer can make to the godlike name of poet, our readers may judge from the following lines, which he puts into the mouth of lord Chatham; and, as his lordship is a *vast* favourite, it is likely that he has provided him with the best he could put together.

“ For England's good by duty now impell'd,
My warmest efforts cannot be with-held.
I rise, my lords, in humble expectation,
That my proposals for th' unhappy nation
May be receiv'd as for my sov'reign's fame,
The people's int'rest and Great Britain's name.
These objects move—but 'fore my wish I state,
Let's view the causes that our ills create.
Without consent, with force you took away
Estates and lives—and are these legal prey?
You would not hear when provinces complain'd,
But factious call'd those men who truths maintain'd.
America's sons, when urg'd by wrongs, petition;
Their humblest prayers you call a *vile* sedition.
A *paltry* tax on tea by war's defended,
Without effect have millions been expended.
Britain despis'd, with trembling fears depend
On fickle France her old and treacherous friend.”

Of this most impartial and dispassionate poet's affection for truth, our readers may judge from a modest assertion in a note.
“ The Americans have never yet employed a single Indian against us.” p. 63.

Trans-

Transmigration: a Poem. 4to. 2s. 6d. Bew.

Written, as it is pretended, with a view to comfort the author's lady-mother, for the freedom with which, *we are told*, she was treated by Mr. Cradock, in his late visit to her.

' There, sunk in grief, the pensive dame,
Exposed to ridicule and shame,
Left, unrevenged, her woes to mourn,
Insulted Cambria sits forlorn.'

Poor lady ! it grieves one's heart to see her.——But though the poem contains a few tolerable lines, we are of opinion that it was thrown out with a view to inflame the minds of some of the inhabitants of North-Wales, by applying some particular passages of Mr. Cradock's Tour, as censures on the whole principality—We consider the following general remark of Mr. Cradock's as highly complimentary: ' By a statute of Henry VIII. all laws and liberties of England was to take place *there*; from which time the Welsh have approved themselves *truly worthy of their high origin*, loyal and dutiful to their king, and always zealous for the welfare of the community.'

The Watch, an Ode, humbly inscribed to the right hon. the Earl of M--f--d. To which is added, the Genius of America to General Carleton, an Ode. 4to. 1s. Bew.

The subject of this lively Ode is the present of a watch which the king is said to have received lately from the French court. Though the poet has not perhaps made the most of the idea, his Ode has much merit, and contains some strokes of true wit. The motto from Virgil is apt——

——Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes.

We shall select a few lines, in order to entertain our readers, and give them some idea of this little piece.

' This gimcrack's in perpetual motion;

Like us, at ev'ry knave's devotion

A most obsequious thing;

Thus at one point no taxes stand,

Wound up for ever by the hand

Of minister and k——.

' Of passive members all compact,

When G—— wou'd wish to make it act,

Let him but treat it like

His lower house—when need demands,

His pressure all its pow'rs commands,

One touch will make it strike.

' By weakest hands with ease 'tis wound;

Emits, when touch'd, a silver sound;

L 4

A sound

A sound so very sweet,
 That when its pleasing chimes are rung,
 They sound like N-r-t-n's honey'd tongue
 When extra-thousands greet.
 ' Thus British kings by cap'ring France
 Are taught in symbols to advance
 With bold, despotic sway;
 And thus tame Britons, who once stood
 On charters purchas'd with their blood,
 Like mere machines obey.'

We have little doubt that our poet's Watch will go, and turn out to be a repeater.

The additional ode, though it may not deserve the praise of reason, will merit that of rhyme and poetry.

The Family In-compact, contrasted with the Family Compact; a Tale, from real Life. 4to. 1s. 6d. Bew.

There are authors who seem to think that any publication upon political subjects, especially if it be in favour of the Americans, whether rhyme or prose, sense or nonsense, must inevitably succeed. The author of this tale, or poem, or whatever it be called, may not come exactly under this description; but he surely could never hope that his performance had merit enough to deserve success. If this be any family in compact, it is not the family of Apollo and his nine sisters, we venture to assert.

Elegiac Verses to the Memory of a Married Lady. 4to. 1s. Wilkie.

A slight, unelaborate performance, yet not destitute of merit. There is an air of tenderness and sensibility in several passages.

' I see thee, struggling in the pangs of death,
 Strive to resign the last dear gasp of breath;
 I see, and at each pause thy nature makes,
 A throb severe as thine my feeling wakes.'

' Ere yet I close, blest spirit, fare thee well;
 Remembrance on thy image still shall dwell;
 The pleasing scenes I'll frequently review,
 Which once were spent with innocence and you;
 Pleasing indeed! but blended still with pain,
 The cruel thought! they'll ne'er return again!'

This poem is free from a common, but unpardonable fault in elegiac compositions, affectation.

An Ode to Peace; occasioned by the present Crisis of the British Empire. 4to. 1s. Almon.

The first stanza will give the reader a competent notion of the versification and the spirit of this Ode.

• Hail

' Hail peace! thou daughter of the skies,
 Thou eldest, gentlest born of heav'n;
 Thou idol of the good and wise,
 For whom all states, all empires rise,
 Touch'd and refin'd from feudal leav'n,
 The dross of schools, and rust of time,
 Philosophy's and virtue's true sublime.
 From heav'n, the legislative source
 Of justice, equity and right,
 All statutes should derive their force,
 All governments their pow'rs supreme;
 Else a mere Machiavelian dream,
 Embryo of sickly study's lamp-oil light:
 And heav'n, where grateful pæans never cease,
 Is the congenial latitude of peace'

The classic reader will certainly make objections to these lines; he will observe, that it is rather improper to represent peace as an *idol*; he will say, that he has no idea of empires, 'touched and refined from *leaven*', of their becoming 'the true sublime' of philosophy and virtue; or of government's being a *dream*, and, at the same time, an *embryo of sickly study's lamp-oil light*; and, lastly, that the two lines, which exhibit this inconsistent and inelegant imagery, are exceedingly defective in poetical harmony.

Alfred. *An Ode. With six Sonnets.* By Robert Holmes, M. A.
 4to. 1s. 6d. Rivington.

In this Ode, king Alfred, after having defeated the Danes at Eddington, is placed on the White Horse Hills in Berkshire, which stood near the northern extremity of his grandfather Egbert's hereditary kingdom of the West Saxons, and overlooked Wantage, the place of his own nativity. From this situation, which was not very remote from the scene of his late victory, his eye might command a distant view of that vale, in which Oxford now stands. This circumstance leads him, very naturally, as the founder of University college, to launch out into a prophetic description of the Greek and Roman Muses fixing their residence in that pleasing and peaceful retreat, and animating the British youth to the love of classic learning!—This is, no mean imitation of Mr. Gray's Welch Bard. The sonnets are of a grave cast, in lines of ten syllables.

D R A M A T I C.

The Battle of Hastings, a Tragedy. By Richard Cumberland,
Esq. as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 8vo.
 1s. 6d. Dilly.

The language and the poetry of this play are superior to some modern tragedies, but yet it is a *modern tragedy*. Why Mr. Cumberland has chosen to call it 'The Battle of Hastings,' we do

not see—to be sure we hear something of such a battle in the last act; but almost the whole of the tragedy consists of love scenes between a disguised prince, and a couple of fond maidens. The Rival Beauties would have been a more proper name for it. The French are blamed for filling their tragedies with love; Mr. Cumberland appears inclined to keep them in countenance. Whining tragedies are, if possible, more unnatural than sentimental comedies.

Notwithstanding these objections, we have found many passages in this performance which pleased us. To insert them is impossible. We shall mention the few thoughts and expressions of which we do not approve.

‘Provoke the bugle,’—Anglicè sound the horn, seems borrowed from Pope’s famous Treatise on the Profound.

Shakespeare most poetically describes ‘the poet’s eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling, glancing from earth to heaven.’ Mr. Cumberland, with somewhat less of inspiration, makes *his* poet ‘in his airs and extravagant flight *best* wide creation’s round.’

Edwin tells Edgar,

—— ‘You abuse

The weakness of a fond unguarded orphan,
Parlying in secret by the moon’s pale beam.’

Modern poets are much too fond of epithets.—Edgar could not abuse the weakness of Edwin’s sister in the smallest degree, because the beam of the moon by whose light he parlied with her was *pale*.

‘How did his *tongue run over*!’

Is not this metaphor vulgar, and improperly applied?

‘Leaden affliction lies so heavy on me,
Imagination cannot stretch a wing
To raise me from the dust.’

That performance is not necessarily a tragedy which abounds in overstrained imagery and far-fetched metaphor.

‘Why stand these guards like hounds upon the slip?’

Nor is every simile proper, because it is *new*. This hunting simile does not much become the mouth of the gentle Matilda. One of lord Edwin’s foresters might indeed have used it properly.

Similes are the edged tools of tragedy-mongers. They should be handled carefully.—We find another in the mouth of the same princess, which we presume to say even a princess of those rude days would have been too delicate to use; especially as the justness of it is not so very tempting.

‘I saw your hero dart into the fight
As the train’d swimmer springs into the flood.’

Though

Though the gladiators, at one period of those polite amusements, engaged in buff; yet we do not recollect that the Roman ladies were present at the naked exercises in the Campus Martius, and the Tiber—at least we remember no naked simile put into a Roman lady's mouth upon their stage—And we do not doubt, that if Matilda's eyes had ever, *by accident*, been gratified with the sight of a swimmer springing into the flood, the young lady had more judgment than to use it in her common conversation, *by the way of simile*.

When the same lady talks of being 'struck from out the book of hope,' she is not indelicate, but only vulgar.—Who would not think that her *royal highness* had heard an Irish chairman talking of boxing one of his companions, and beating him out of the book of life.

After all, there are many good lines, and poetical passages in this tragedy—Mr. Cumberland seems blessed with a happy memory: it is, perhaps, owing to this circumstance that we so often trace him in the snow of other writers, especially of Shakespeare.

Alfred. *A Tragedy. As performed at the Theatre-Royal, in Covent-Garden. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Becket.*

This play, we learn from the preface, has not been received with the warmest applause upon the stage. *Interdum vulgus rectum videt.* We should have conjectured as much from the languid effect which it has in the closet. Yet are there in it incidents which strike, and passages which please; and the language, in many places, well becomes the mouth of tragedy. The objections which the preface endeavours to remove, still remain in full force. What we have remarked of the *Battle of Hastings* is equally applicable to Alfred. Love is too much the business of both. We are sorry to find that gentlemen who write tragedies are of opinion nothing will *do* with an English audience but what pleases green girls and beardless boys. In our account of *Percy**, we observed the singularity of a lady's *putting together* so much blood and death. We must do the lady the justice to say, that her performance better deserved the name of *tragedy* than either of the love-plays which we have criticized this month. The two sexes seem to have exchanged theatrical tastes, as well as the two nations of France and England.

The Cozeners. A Comedy, in three Acts. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-market. Written by the late Samuel Foote, Esq. and now published by Mr. Colman. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

It is well known that when the late Mr. Foote transferred his theatre to Mr. Colman, he also made over the copy-right of his

* Crit. Rev. vol. xlv. p. 477.

unprinted dramatic pieces, among which were *The Coxeniers*, *The Maid of Bath*, and *The Devil upon Two Sticks*. The proprietor, therefore, it may be easily conceived, was not a little surprized to see those three pieces advertised for sale, under the idea that an oral delivery on the stage was a publication; but being a publication incapable of being entered at Stationers' Hall, that it invested every auditor with a right of printing the plays he had seen represented. The Court of Chancery, however, it seems, did not ratify this doctrine, but considered an unprinted work as the sole right of the proprietor, and consequently entitled to protection. On these principles, an injunction was granted to restrain the first publishers. The public, however, have derived some benefit from the contest, as it has induced the proprietor himself to publish the pieces in question. To *The Coxeniers* is prefixed the following Advertisement.

* Some copies of spurious impressions of this comedy, and of the *Maid of Bath*, having been printed and circulated before the application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, it has been thought adviseable, in vindication of the property of the editor, as well as in justice to the deceased author, immediately to commit to the press genuine editions of the two dramatick pieces above-mentioned, together with the Comedy of the Devil upon Two Sticks, which had been also without authority advertised for publication.

* On inspection of the spurious impressions, it appears, that all the errors of careless and ignorant transcribers are there religiously preserved; and all the additions and improvements, made by the facetious writer, are omitted. Many instances of this will occur on perusal of this Comedy; in which, besides the restoration of several passages always spoken on the stage, the reader will find a whole scene, at the end of the first act, and another, still more entertaining and popular, at the beginning of the third; both which were wholly wanting in the spurious impressions.

* Unauthorized publications are not only always detrimental to private property, but commonly prove injurious to the publick: for the copies, being obtained by clandestine and indirect means, are, for the most part, as has happened in the present instance, incorrect and imperfect.

The pleasantries contained in this piece have so long been familiar to the public, that it is almost needless to observe, that it abounds with that spirited satire with which most of the lively dramas of the facetious writer are so highly seasoned. *Aircastle*, *Toby*, *Mrs. Simony*, *Paul Prig*, &c. form an entertaining group, admirably calculated to create mirth and laughter in the spectators; though most of the characters would, in other countries, rather have appeared worthy of correction in a court of justice than at the theatre.

The Maid of Bath. A Comedy, in three acts. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket. Written by the late Samuel Foote, Esq. and now published by Mr. Colman. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

The local humour of the gay spot, where the scene of this comedy is placed, is happily maintained. The fable is little more than a dramatic narration of a well known fact; but the several characters of Flint, Billy Button, and lady Catharine Coldstream, are conceived and delineated with much spirit and original pleasantry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remarks on Mr. Forster's Account of Captain Cook's last Voyage round the World, in the Years 1772, 1773, 1774, and 1775. By William Wales, F. R. S. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Nourse.

Reply to Mr. Wales's Remarks. By George Forster, F. R. S. 4to. 1s. 6d. White.

When an attack is made upon any person in print, no reader should immediately conclude that he who begins is in the right; but should wait with patience to see what can be urged on the other side. Much less would it become the impartiality of a Reviewer, to inform the world which scale preponderates in the hand of justice, before both scales are fairly filled. This it was which prevented our taking any notice of the Remarks by Mr. Wales on Mr. Forster's book, until we should see what he could say in answer to them—this it is which induces us to make one article of the Remarks and the Reply, and to give our opinions on both at the same time.

Before we speak of either, let us be allowed to lament, not only that two gentlemen, of abilities and reputation, in their different walks of life, but that two human beings, should enter into such a dispute. Surely they might have learned better lessons of mildness and philosophy from some of the savage nations which they visited in their voyage! And yet we must correct ourselves, by confessing that we do not see how Mr. Forster could have avoided entering into the controversy, or could have entered into it more temperately or dispassionately. The illiberal reflections which were thrown upon Dr. Forster by Mr. Wales in his Remarks, would have justified any thing his son could say in reply; especially when that son, according to Mr. Wales, is 'a young man scarcely twenty years of age.'

But proceed we to an account of this dispute.—Mr. Forster, naturalist in the late voyage round the world, in page 554, of the first volume of his account of that voyage, had written this paragraph—'We had the greatest reason to admire the ingenious contrivance of the two watches which we had on board; one executed by Mr. Kendall, exactly after the model of that made by Mr.

Mr. Harrison, and the other by Mr. Arnold on his own plan, both which went with great regularity. The last *was* unfortunately stopped immediately after our departure from New Zealand, in June, 1773.—To have foreseen that this passage would have called down upon him the vengeance of such an attack, not only in visitation of his own but of his father's sins, the young man must have been, not only a naturalist, but a prophet. And yet we will venture to assert, that from an impartial and attentive perusal of the Remarks they appear to have originated from that innocent passage. The watch, which "*was unfortunately stopped*" (not by Mr. Wales, but by—accident), was in the care of the astronomer of the voyage, and the delicacy of that gentleman imagined that the paragraph before cited, as completely accused him of stopping the watch, as if it had proceeded to say by what, or by whom, it was stopped—viz. by Mr. Wales, who had charge of it. As well might the keeper of the city mace prosecute for a libel and an accusation of theft the newspaper which should tell the world that yesterday the city mace was unfortunately stolen. What astronomers read among their stars we cannot pretend to say, but, with simple mortals, to talk thus is to relate a fact, and by no means to make a man 'suffer in the esteem, not only of those who employed him, but of all the world.'

To Mr. Wales it seemed otherwise. A correspondence commenced between him and young Mr. Forster, which does credit to the calmness and moderation of the latter. This correspondence produced only solemn assurances from Mr. Forster that he never meant to insinuate a charge against Mr. Wales, which he had never thought him to deserve; while that gentleman insisted upon the publication of an erratum, which should tell the public that *was* (the unfortunate monosyllable which we have distinguished by italics) had slipped into the passage by mistake. Mr. Forster not immediately doing this, though he does not absolutely decline it, Mr. Wales threatens him with the publication which has since appeared, and to which the young gentleman has replied with all the coolness and dignity of age. Had he replied with more warmth, or in a different way, it would not have been wonderful, as the book to which the son has put his name, and which he now solemnly declares he wrote, Mr. Wales *chooses* shall have been written by the father, and his whole pamphlet is a studied attack upon the Dr. as a man and as a writer, for a supposed affront which came from the son, who, Mr. Wales grants in a note, p. 44, he *never suspected of an intention to injure him*.

In order to compass his aim of affecting Dr. Forster's reputation, Mr. Wales points out several mistakes which have slipped into his son's work, combats most of his philosophical opinions, and undertakes to prove that he has maliciously wronged the crew with whom he sailed, by misrepresenting their cruelty towards the natives of the countries they visited.—His corrections, though

though the most useful part of his Remarks, are insignificant; and even from his own manner of defending the sailors, we may conclude, that their characters were not less tainted with immorality than voyagers in general, and Mr. Forster in particular, have delineated them.—Opinions, in philosophical disquisitions, do not, we conceive, reflect dishonour on their authors; and though Mr. Wales could prove that Mr. Forster, or his father, were mistaken in some instances, it would be little to his purpose of detracting from their literary merits.

From the good sense contained in Mr. Forster's account of the voyage, we had little doubt that he would reply to Mr. Wales as he has done—in a manner which bespeaks the gentleman, the scholar, and the man of spirit.—There is but one part we could wish omitted—the line or two in which he alludes to the education of Mr. Wales. But it is less wonderful that the violence of *twenty* should once forget itself in the defence of a father, than that it should be always master of itself.

New Discoveries concerning the World, and its Inhabitants. In two Parts. 8vo. 6s. Johnson.

This volume contains an account of the discoveries made by the several navigators during the present reign, viz. commodore (now admiral) Byron, captains Wallis, Carteret, and Cook; those of M. Bougainville; and also captain Phipps (now lord Mulgrave;) extracted from the history of each voyage, and comprised in one general collection, judiciously compiled.

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The first volume contains the Italian before the English and French; the second, the English before the French and Italian; and the third, the French before the Italian and English.

It is compiled from the dictionaries of La Crusca, Dr. Johnson, and the French Academy.

Upon a cursory inspection we have observed some small inaccuracies, such as the following:

Pamphlet, *f. feuille volante*, libretto di pochi fogli.

Pamphlet, *f. un libelle*, un libello,

Pamphleteer, *f. auteur de petits imprimés*, scrittore di libretti.

Pamphleteer, *f. auteur de libelles*, autore di libelli.

The second and last of these articles are improper translations of *pamphlet* and *pamphleteer*. The word *pamphlet* is derived from *par un filet*, Fr. because it is properly a book sold unbound, or only stitched together. The word is written by Caxton and other ancient writers, *paunflet*. It can never signify what Mr. Bottarelli supposes, a libel, without some such word as *scurrilous* prefixed.

However, we readily allow, that the work in question is as accurate as the generality of dictionaries; and may be equally serviceable in all the three languages. A good Italian grammar is prefixed to the first volume.

The Infant's Miscellany: or easy Lessons, extracted from different Authors, on a new Plan. 12mo. 2s. Beecroft.

This work consists of extracts, fables, and tales, taken from different authors, adapted to the capacities of the youngest readers, children under eight or nine years of age. In order to extend their ideas, to give them a notion of that variety of expression, in which their thoughts may be communicated, and to make them understand what they read, the author has subjoined an appendix, containing the same fables or tales, expressed in other terms and phrases, with explanatory notes.

This is the production of an ingenious lady, who lately favoured the public with another work of the same size, intitled, *The Accidence, or first Rudiments of English Grammar*.

ERRATA in the REVIEW for JANUARY, 1778.

Page 10, line 23, for scattered, read scatter.—Page 18, l. 25, for ordinary reader, read ordinary observer.—Page 50, l. 37, for abilities is, read are.—Page 55, l. 27, for editor, read doctor.—Page 72, l. 20, for there, read these.

